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AUSTRIA

AND

THE AUSTRIANS.

VOL. I.

AUSTRIA

AND

THE AUSTRIANS.

VOL. I.

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

FERDINAND I.

Emperor of Austria.

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AUSTRIA

AND

THE AUSTRIANS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1837.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM, VISCOUNT MELBOURNE,

FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY, &c. &c.

My Lord,

I take upon me, without having sought permission, to dedicate to you these volumes from no motives but those of high personal esteem, and a sincere conviction of the sound integrity of those public principles which so eminently distinguish your Lordship as a statesman.

I have the honour to be, my Lord,

Your obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.

1st April, 1837.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Letters are published with the view of making the AUSTRIAN DOMINIONS better known to the BRITISH PEOPLE; and especially of removing from public opinion the fallacies which prejudice or injustice has long led western Europe to entertain with respect to the people, manners, and government of that great empire.

The position which the several nations under the government of Austria occupy on the face of Europe, their abundant natural resources, and the good disposition of the people generally towards England, are such considerations as would render a mutual and far more extended bond of political and social union between the British and Austrian empires of the most important advantage to both.

The views which the Author will be found

to entertain are sketched from a familiar, and, he trusts, honest acquaintance with the subject. For reasons which it is unnecessary to particularize, he has declined to prefix his name to these volumes.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Frontispiece to Vol. I.

Portrait of the Emperor Ferdinand I.

Frontispiece to Vol. II.

Portrait of Prince Metternich.

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ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page 88, bottom line text, for *Ferdinand* read *Francis*; and first line note, for *the nephew* read *and nephew;* and second line, delete *and.*

„ 113, line 12, for *Vertoren* read *Verloren.*

„ 169, line 3 from bottom, for *supreme recorder of falsehood, as history calls him,* read *as his history, the supreme recorder of falsehood calls him.*

„ 301, line 8, delete *that on his.*

„ „ line 10, delete *it.*

VOL. II.

Page 2, line 21, for *are not governed,* read *when not restrained.*

„ 2, line 22, delete *but.*

„ 8, line 10, for *cherished and obedient children, as long as they continue to be his,* read *cherished, so long as they continue to be his obedient children.*

AUSTRIA.

&c. &c.

LETTER I.

THE JOURNEY.

Vienna, 1836.

HERE we are at last, my dear friend, in the magnificent capital of Austria. On leaving London, I promised, that to relieve myself from the *dry bones of statistics*, which have for some time engaged my labours, I would send you *sketchy notes* of the countries we should travel over;—of men and things as they are to be viewed,—without the bias of religious or national prejudice. Our tour through France you have; and I have sent you a description of our agreeable *tipplings*, and *dippings*, at Baden, and of our *ramblings* in the Black Forest, and Würt-

temberg. Take care of those scraps, for, when I am only fit for book-making, I may, with a little invention, weave them into a very substantial work. A full account of our delightful wanderings since I wrote you from Munich,—that showy metropolis of sculpture, painting, and architecture, would fill a quarto. A few posts carried us from the plain, to which that city gives a name, to the foot of the Tyrolian Alps. Within an amphitheatre of these, on the margin of the romantic Tegern-See, the late good Max Joseph, among his many other reforms, caused the transfiguration of an old abbey, into a splendid palace for his queen, where, as dowager, she now in summer resides, and where her hospitality is experienced by all visiters introduced to her either there or at Munich. Above the lake, in the wild valley, are the baths of Kreuth. Following the road beneath the Alps to Chiem-See, on the shores of which we were overtaken by a tremendous thunder-storm, awfully sublime, amidst such gigantic scenery, we then travelled on to Rosenheim (home of the roses), to Reichenhall, to Bergtesgaden, and to Koenig-See, through a country not surpassed in rich picturesque beauty, and romantic grandeur, by

any part of Europe—I will not even except Switzerland: yet I regret giving up my favourite Interlacken and its neighbourhood. Koenig-See, although three miles long, appears, as if it were, the crater of an enormous volcano, half filled with smooth liquid lava. The mountains rise, in terrific, stupendous, limestone masses, from this surface. From their clefts grow, first, birches,—mountain ashes, with their glittering scarlet clusters—wild cherries, and plum-trees—and then the eternal funereal green firs; while the summits and upper ravines, which separate the gray limestone pinnacles, are covered with everlasting snow. One approach only leads to this wonderful lake,—that from Bergtesgaden, a charming ride among groves of plain-trees, beeches, and oaks, which grow in stately luxuriance in a splendid valley, amidst green hills, and rocks and mountains, until you, at last, enter the defile by which you reach the *Royal Sea.**

Boats, each with a canopy to shelter you from sun or rain, and rowed, generally by three men and as many women, are always in attendance. Among the latter there are two maidens of very

* *I. e.*, Koenig-See, which name has supplanted its former, Bartholemeo-See.

striking beauty, but scarcely such models of exquisite symmetry as my Swiss lake nymph of Egeri.

It often happens that the rain, breaking on the mountains, pours down in heavy showers on passing over Koenig-See. The effect, which we had also the opportunity of beholding, is of the most indescribable character. The large drops falling in perpetual rapidity on the water, cause, in re-action, an appearance as if the dark water beneath were throwing up an infinity of bright sparkling gems. The shower passed over—the heavens above were again bright—and the deep placid lake reflected faithfully the lofty wild scenery which imprisoned us on its mirror-like surface;—midway up, our chief boatman fired a blunderbuss, and, a few seconds afterwards, its loud report was replied to by an echo which seemed as if Saint Bartholemeo, the patron of the lake, was roused from a sleep of centuries, in some one of the enormous caverns opposite, and growled thunder in his wrath at the disturbance we occasioned.

On almost the only spot where one can land, Ludwig, poet and king of Bavaria, has a handsome shooting and fishing lodge, to which he

can only arrive by means of a boat,—although we were told that that active enterprising prince, once tramped off on foot, clambered up the ravines and glaciers, and, after perilous and determined exertions, passed over the eternal white Alps to the impetuous Salza.

The inhabitants of the country we journeyed over are very interesting in their appearance, especially as we saw them at the fair and church on the Sunday we passed at Rosenheim. Bands of men and women, in the respective costumes of several districts, were there assembled. From the Tyrol, and from the highlands and plains of Bavaria, there they were, in all their gay colours, happily mingled together. Less intelligent than the peasantry of the north, those of Bavaria live in tolerable independent comfort, and it is but justice to say, that, as far as the interference of the government is in question, the peasantry and other working classes are in a very happy condition.

Among them and the people generally, *law*, unlike that scourge in England, which, in practice, requires a reform, of more importance to the nation than all that yet have been made, is never in Bavaria, or scarcely in any part of Germany, the instrument of oppression. The

administration of common justice being impartial, cheap, and never permitted to be circumvested by the chicanery of attorneys.

The peasantry and villagers whom we saw assembled on Sunday at Rosenheim and Traunstein, presented the most agreeable pictures of rural happiness that I recollect having ever observed. The booths had all been prepared, with their various articles of usefulness or finery to be exposed for sale the day before. Earlier on the morning of Sunday, the church-bells began inviting the people to their devotions. The multitude then began to move along to the sanctuaries of religion, which were soon after filled and re-filled with all ages and sexes, in their holiday costumes. They entered—said their prayers, and then departed for the booths in the market-place. Here those from the country partook of refreshments. In the afternoon, they had music, and song and dance. The Tyrolian airs and the ballads of the country, and the rustic but really graceful dance, all made their hearts glad and grateful. There was no quarrelling, no drunkenness, no uproarious noise. The day was bright and cheerful, the evening clear and lovely, the surrounding scenery of water and woods, fertile valleys,

and rocky alps, elevated the mind to the sublime veneration of the Almighty Creator, whose creatures below were so innocently rejoicing amidst this magnificent landscape.

It surely cannot be pleasing to the All-good Deity, for us to regret the means of happiness which his beneficence spreads before us; we find all nature rejoicing when the seasons unfold their delights and beauties. The birds by their chirping and singing, yea! even the fishes in their sporting, exhibit their gratitude to Beneficence. And so do the people, generally, in most parts of continental Europe, when not restrained by absurd laws, or by the gloomy influence of fanatical observances.

LETTER II.

THE JOURNEY CONTINUED.

On passing over to Austria from Bergtesgaden, a delicious interesting spot, celebrated also for its salt-mines * and extraordinary subterranean galleries, we drove amidst romantic mountain scenery, along a rapid torrent, flowing from the Koenig-See into the Salza. We were always told that our baggage would be subjected to strict examination by the Austrian douaniers, that our books would be taken from us, and that we should be heavily fined, if by accident, we should have any article prohibited or liable to duty. What others have experienced, I know not. Our carriage with its imperial, boot, &c., entered Austria unsearched; the principal douanier merely asking very civilly if we had any article of merchandise to enter at the Douane; and, as to books, (some of them, Heaven knows, liberal enough in the

* See note A, vol. ii.

political substance they contained), we had at least thirty volumes. We entered Baden from Strasburg, a few months ago in the same free way, and, except as far as we required it for use, our baggage has been subjected to no other inspection than that of the washerwoman, since we packed it up in Paris. Having during the last three years entered Prussia more than once from France and Belgium, and traversed over all the intermediate countries to the frontiers of Russia, without a single package being looked at, by a douanier or policeman, I cannot, in stating this, but observe that I have, like all others, always experienced vexatious delay to no purpose, at the London Custom-house, at Dover, and particularly at Brighton, where I have observed the man there, whoever he be that holds "brief authority," acting, most uselessly, in a manner very unworthy of any government.

Whatever be the cause—certainly not the soil—there is an aspect of poverty, an absence of well-applied industry in the appearance of the people and their dwellings, immediately on entering Austria from Bavaria,* strikingly un-

* This is the only entrance into Austria by which, from any other state, you do not remark a decided difference in favour of the arch-duchy.

favourable to the former. This is very apparent at the first town we entered, Hallein, and its neighbourhood; although much employment besides husbandry is there afforded to the working classes at the salt-works and at some cotton-factories. In other respects, we were delighted with the country, as we travelled southwards, amidst the rocks, woods, mountains, and snows of the Rhaetian alps, through which the impetuous Salza rolls and foams, until we arrived at the terrific pass of *Lueg*. Here it would seem that one piece of artillery well directed, and five or six men, could stop the march of a whole army. Here, near the chapel which consecrates the spot, the Tyrolese peasants, determined to submit no longer to the domination and military despotism of France, were met by the troops of Bavaria, which at that period acted a part, the most dishonourable in the history of their country. The heroism of the Tyrolese is worthy of being recorded beside the most gallant combats of antiquity; the carnage was terrible; superior force at length triumphed, and the spirit of liberty was again condemned to groan under the power of despotism. In my youth, I thought Killicranky the most giddy and indo-

mitable of all passes; but romantic, wild, and difficult as it really is, to compare it with Lueg would be like comparing Highgate to the Simplon.

The celebrated baths of Gastein, so little known in England, were only some twenty miles distant; and now that we had passed the defile, we entered the fertile valley of Werfen and St. Johan, which is surrounded east, west, north, and south, by snow alps. It was first discovered, and for centuries occupied, by monks, of I forget the order. We then posted onwards to Lend. The scenery is quite equal to that from Geneva to Chamouni. In fact, the same character, with more fertility, and the road admirable. Mr. Mac Adam himself could hardly mend it, for it is exactly what that most famous of all highwaymen would have made it.

Near Lend, we passed the foot of a magnificent cascade, which rolls and dashes from a height of two or three hundred feet over broken ledges. Here we left the banks of the Salza, and ascended a mountain defile by an equally good and safe road, cut into the sides of almost perpendicular, serpentine, and limestone rocks. The torrent of Gastein forming eight or ten

waterfalls, of from twenty to a hundred and fifty feet each, thunders beneath the galleries, until at length the mountains, which at first appeared to frown, at from three or four thousand feet over our heads, seemed not more than three or four hundred feet above; and then we had indeed a magnificent view of alps rising over alps. The galleries which wind along and, in many places for a considerable distance, hang over the precipices, are fearfully giddy to heads and eyes not habituated to alpine heights, especially on looking over the parapet into the infernal bottomless-like gulf, which yawns with savage jaggedness below. But, unless the giddiness would actually tempt you to leap into the abyss, you are as safe as in a Dutchman's *Lust-haus*.

Soon after attaining the summit, we entered the smiling valley of Gastein, to which there is scarcely any descent, as it lies above the level of the highest part of the defile we had passed. A charming drive of five or six miles, brought us to Hof Gastein, a handsome village, where we changed horses, and then ascended to Wild-Bad-Gastein, which is three miles further, and there the post-road ends, being met and surrounded by some of the superior alps, where

the river forms a magnificent cascade, dashing furiously from a height of five or six hundred feet over and among huge broken rocks. Wild-Bad-Gastein, has not in the snow-crested *Grau-Vögel* * exactly a *Mont-Blanc;* nor has it, strictly speaking, similar glaciers and pinnacles to those of Chamouni; but, in every other feature of scenery, in valleys, woods, torrents, and waterfalls, it is infinitely superior.

It would detain you too long with me on my journey to describe this curious and romantic spot. The healing virtues of its hot baths, although the water is said to be nearly pure, are too well established by the multitudes from all parts of Germany, Italy, and Russia, who resort to and derive benefit from them, yet their existence is scarcely known in England. Unfortunately, the gay and gambling atmosphere of Aix-la-Chapelle, Ems, and Baden-Baden, all lying on the common route of Lord Byron's *travelling English,* is more to the taste of our *fashionables,* or far more agreeable to the vanity of our *wealthy vulgar.*

We remained two days at Wild-Bad-Gastein, and there being no rooms vacant either in the chateau built to accommodate visiters by the

* Gray bird.

late well-beloved Franz, or at Straubinger's huge Swiss chalet,* good Doctor Storch, the physician of the place, conducted us to the handsome cottage of an Austrian general, then absent. Here the doctor procured us a delightful apartment, with the most comfortably fitted up baths imaginable, under the same roof. Our short stay was very agreeably spent.

On bathing, the delicious feeling was such that I was ready to say, "Do let me but remain here for ever." We had each our coffee brought to us in the bath dressing-rooms, which were heated nearly to the same temperature as the baths, and to which every luxurious convenience was attached. We afterwards went out, clambered up the steeps, and by galleries and bridges passed over the cataracts and giddy precipices above the chateau. We then entered a second valley, which brought us to the very foot of the Grau-Vögel. On returning, we dined well at Straubinger's table d'hôte, where we met very agreeable company; walked out afterwards along the heights overlooking the lower valley, and then returned to supper and sleep.

* This house is nothing more than an immense chalet, nearly the same in its architecture, as those of the canton of Zurich.

LETTER III.

THE JOURNEY ENDED.

We retraced our journey by the same road to Hallein, and thence to Salzburg, a strongly fortified city in a magnificent situation. We drove to the *Goldenen Schiff;* but in that principally resorted-to hotel, there were no rooms for us. We had no cause to regret the circumstance. I trusted, as I had often done before in Germany—never in France—to the postilion. He drove us to the *Three Allies* (*Drey Allirten*), a house lately opened by a newly-married couple, where we had clean, well-furnished rooms, good attendance, excellent fare, and a moderate bill. If ever you come to Salzburg, Rosenheim, or Reichenhall, do not fail to ask for trout, cooked by being baked in an oven: you will find them delicious. Ask for *Forellen Gebacken.*

The Capuchin friars appear to have a kind of paradise in Salzburg. They alone seem to be the *cavaliers-servants* of the ladies, in whose

carriages you invariably see a good-looking friar. I am rather surprised that the youthful and beauteous archbishop * is not jealous, or, that he permits this *harmless scandal.* We observed the same pious custom since then at Linz, the large well-built capital of Upper Austria, on the Danube, to which we travelled on from Salzburg.

Those friars are really very humorous fellows; and their society, though certainly not instructive, is very amusing. One morning at the Goldenen Kanone, Linz, while I was in my shirt-sleeves shaving, a rap at my door led me to open it, and then the jolly red face of a short corpulent capuchin met me with a half-laugh. I, with my face frothed over with *lather,* laughed outright; then we both laughed together, before we spoke a word; and then the friar gathered up his features, and said that he came, according to custom, to beg a trifle for the sick (*für die kranken*). It was impossible to refuse so good-natured a being—there could be no hypocrisy allied to such happy humour—so I put a couple of *zwansigers* into his tin box, and he went away joyfully, bowing as low as his rotund figure

* Young Prince Schwartzenburg. Some years primate, and now only 27 years old.

would allow him. Had he presented himself with the rueful countenance of *some* evangelical black-coats, he had gone off without a single kreutzer.

Linz is not only the capital of Upper Austria, but the celebrated metropolis of beautiful women. Fame has certainly not flattered them. They have the most charming Saxon countenances and forms imaginable: nor is their amiability surpassed by their beauty. At this city the Danube is magnificent, and the scenery splendidly picturesque. From the opposite side, a railroad of more than seventy miles to Budweis on the Moldau, joins the Danube to the Elbe. There is another south, to Wells and the salt-mines. From having the curiosity to examine the state of these railroads, and the commerce along them, I was prevented from visiting the chateau of my friend, the Baron de Kast (Austrian minister at Munich), situated about two miles from Linz, in one of the most lovely spots in Austria. His wife, an English lady, was residing there at the time. We passed the gate next day too early to call, as I had ordered post-horses at five o'clock in the morning, so as to reach St. Pölten to sleep. I regret this much, as I greatly wished to see how an English lady accommodated herself to an immense German

Schloss. We saw enough of the grounds to be able to say all appeared in admirable order.

The country from Salzburg to Vienna presents great fertility and plenty; the roads are excellent, and the postilions, although slow in changing horses, drive faster than in any other part of Germany. The people have in abundance all the natural elements of happiness, but few or no intellectual enjoyments—not even in large towns like Linz and Salzburg. They are mildly governed by a patriarchal despotism; and, when we met a band of about forty wretched-looking beings, covered with filth, and two pieces of almost unshapen garment, made of very coarse undyed woollen cloth, surmounted sometimes by a piece of sheepskin, I was astonished to behold such sallow wretchedness amidst so much blooming health, vigour, and comfort, as the country in every other respect presented.

But these unfortunates were not Austrians; they were Hungarian serfs, chased by some of their feudal nobles from the soil, where it was considered there were too many of them. For what with hunting-grounds, and parks, and sheep pasturing, a Hungarian magnate requires a large extent of territory for other purposes than to yield subsistence by means of husbandry to his

serfs. The latter are therefore often driven off in large bands, and then come prowling into Austria in order to get something to eat, and some employment. They sleep any where—in the woods, by hedges, or wherever they can.

I am old enough to remember the Highland tenantry of Scotland driven in multitudes from a soil to which their race had for ages been attached, nearly in a state of serfage, to make room, as is the case in Hungary, for sheep; and I had afterwards the happy opportunity of seeing the poor Highlanders attaining the means of independent living amidst the wilds of America: but the wretched serfs of Hungary have neither the intelligence nor the means to find so blessed an asylum.

For a great part of the journey from Linz to Vienna, we travelled in view of the alps. At one place, near Kemelbach, we were close to the snows, while we were at the same time, rolling over a road lined with heavily laden fruit-trees, and amidst fertile valleys. Soon after we arrived at Mölk, where the Danube is magnificently spacious, and where, on a picturesque eminence, close to the river, there flourishes, as proudly as if it were the fourteenth century, one of the largest monasteries in the

world. It covers at least twice as much ground as Somerset House. It is four stories high with two immense towers, and the extensive rich lands belonging to its foundation, yield means which afford the Benedictines all the good things they can desire.

It is rather curious that this branch of the order, still called the Scotch Benedictine monks (*Benediktiner-Schottener-Mönche*), came originally from Scotland, in 1158. They have also one of the largest churches in Vienna, *Kirche zu-den Schotten* (Scotch kirk), and the ground which once entirely belonged to their order, is still called *Schottenfeld*, forming one of the fauxbourgs of Vienna.

As we approached nearer Vienna, the road is, for some parts less pleasing, and passes over a cold hilly country. On descending from this we were again amidst fertility, and two hours afterwards we entered the fauxbourgs, by the outer barriers, delivering up our passports; when, at the same time, the carriage, if the officers think fit, is subject to search. They were not so disposed in our case, and we drove into the imperial city, down as dense a stream of human life, horses, coaches, and carts, as if we were passing from Hyde-park-corner to Piccadilly.

LETTER IV.

NORTH AND SOUTH GERMANY.

MADAME DE STAEL, in her celebrated work on Germany, says :—

"Some leading features only are to be traced as prevailing throughout the Germanic nation; for the diversities of country are such, that it is impossible to bring under the same point of view, the diversity of religions, governments, climates, and of inhabitants equally different."

This remark is only partially correct. The governments of Austria and Prussia are equally absolute and equally patriarchal. But the feudal aristocracy, which is supreme in the south, with the general predominance of the Catholic religion, and a far more limited system of public instruction, create the only great observable difference between the form of society, and the aspect of public manners as both prevail in Austria,—or as they predominate in Prussia, where there exists no high hereditary class between the sovereign and people; where the general extension

of public education is absolutely insisted upon, instead of being limited * by the government and aristocracy; and where the more meditative, though not seductive, religion of Luther has long been in the ascendant.

In Saxony, Baden, and Würtemberg, tithes, and all feudal services, have been abolished, as they have been in Prussia. In Würtemberg, a collision lately occurred between the chamber of peers and the chamber of deputies, on the abrogation of feudal services and tithes; but the former at length gave way, and tranquillity has been re-established in that admirably well-administered kingdom.

In Bavaria, the late excellent Maximilian Joseph, gave the kingdom a constitution; but the nobility still arrogate high separate rights and distinctions; although, from their great numbers and from possessing little land, they are generally very poor; while the people, by means of agriculture and manufactures, have, since the peace of 1815, been very generally attaining the means of independent living.

In the smaller German states, the sove-

* Limited only, in Austria, for simple elementary instruction is quite as much insisted upon by the government, as in Prussia. See letter hereafter on Education in Austria.

reigns, to maintain the show of courts and standing armies, oppress the people by arbitrary exactions, unknown within the mild despotisms exercised in Austria proper, and Prussia. Should those petty sovereigns, however, as they most likely will, continue their severe system of administration, the people (who already look forward to the event as to a kind of *millenium*) will, on the first outbreak, become, in mass, the subjects, and force those states under the authority, of Prussia.

The climates of Germany do not vary sufficiently to give strikingly distinct characters to the people; except it be in the alpine districts of Austria, Bavaria, and Switzerland.* The Germans living in nearly all the southern hereditary parts of Austria, have, from the elevations extending nearly throughout their country, a climate generally as cold as Prussia. The low lands and valleys only are milder, and the most regularly temperate climates of Germany, are probably those of Saxony, of parts of Bavaria, Baden, Bohemia, Nassau, and the Rhenish provinces; but in Austria, and all Germany, the winters are colder than in Eng-

* The cantons of Switzerland in which the German language prevails, may, in literature and manners, be properly considered German.

land, and the inhabitants can only maintain warmth within their houses, by the general use of heated stoves.

Wherever the German or Saxon language is traced, whether in Austria, Prussia, in the central states of Germany, in the United Kingdom, or in Anglo-America, the Saxon or Teutonic character is distinctly marked, and maintains its features throughout. Notwithstanding all that was done in England, by William the Conqueror, and his successors, by introducing and enforcing a foreign language and foreign laws, in order to destroy all that had been planted by the Saxons, and which had grown and thriven in the land, still the old Saxon root never has been eradicated; and, from it hath grown forth all that gives strength, vigour, and nationality to English character, and which is always enfeebled when it borrows from the languages, or affects the manners which have no relationship with it.

We are accustomed to view nations through the medium of epithets or phrases, by which prejudice, or the fancy of some sprightly writer or speaker, has characterized them.

In England, it is a common belief that all Dutchwomen are modelled much after the same fashion as the round sterns and bows of

a Flushing galliot. Let us visit Holland, and we are soon convinced, that in no part of Europe are there found a greater proportion of beautiful women, with elegant, nay even classical forms.

The Germans have from time to time, been described as not a *practicable people*, like the French. I admit they are not so practicable as the latter, if it were attempted to rouse them to make revolutions, or to lead them rapidly into aggressive warfare: but all my observations, during an acquaintance of several years with the people of Germany and France, bring me to the conclusion that the former are, in all the moral and industrious affairs of life, far more practical, and far readier to adopt what their unbiassed good sense and perception shows them to be improvements, than the French. The vanity of the latter is their great bane to improvement: as they to this day are, as in the days of Voltaire, "accustomed to ridicule and undervalue every thing that is not common among themselves."

This is certainly not the character of the Germans; for there is scarcely an useful invention known in other countries of which Germany is not ready to avail herself.

Madame de Staël says, "It is imagination

more than intellect that characterizes the Germans." This is a very prettily turned phrase. It has been repeated thousands of times, and, if it were repeated to the end of all time, it would be equally a fallacy, adopted as a truth, on trust, without any security for its foundation.

The celebrated John Paul Ritcher, has fancifully said, "The empire of the seas belongs to the English,—that of the land to the French,—that of the air to the Germans." When the armies of the revolution and the empire overran and plundered the continent of Europe, Ritcher spoke the truth. Now, the positions of France and Germany are completely changed.

Morally speaking, I should say, that the characteristics which most prominently distinguish the three nations are, *ostentation*, the English; *vanity*, the French; and *good sense*, the Germans.

The English, as a people, have with their *ostentation*, a high sense of *honour*, *truth*, and *practical generosity*: but even of these, as well as in their display of the power of wealth, and what riches can purchase, to exalt *ignorance*, they make, too generally, an ostentatious exhibition quite offensive to, and always ridiculous in the opinion of, foreigners.

The French, with their excess of vanity, have the talent of making themselves, whether they

be sincere or not, agreeable, and possess above all others the gift of concealing or suppressing what may offend.

The German is equally anxious to avoid giving offence; but in doing so he is less adroit, while he is far more anxious to observe and to know what is practically great in other countries.

On going up the Thames, last year, in one of the steam-boats that ply between London and the continent, I was accompanied by an intelligent German, on whom, the immense fleets of all classes of vessels, which were at that time either under way, at anchor, or in the docks, produced the most extraordinary sensations as to the power and wealth of Great Britain. During our conversation, we were joined by a French gentleman, attached to one of the highest public departments in Paris, and now, for the first time, visiting England. On drawing his attention to the philosophy of the river Thames at that moment,—to the vast commerce of which this great artery was the inlet and outlet, —the multitudes, at home and in all foreign countries, to which this great commerce extended employment, riches, and intelligence,— to the cares, the hopes, the enterprise, the ingenuity, the rivalry, and the power, which the gigantic operations of this boundless commerce

involved, as forming a subject so magnificent and sublime that the mind could scarcely embrace its mere outlines, he shrugged up his shoulders, and said, "That is very true, but the smoke is abominable."

If we take up Arthur Young's book on France, written before the first revolution, and travel with it over the kingdom, we find the same kind of wretched implements of agriculture, the same system of slovenly farming, the same dirty cottages, still generally unchanged. The improvements in Austrian agriculture I shall take occasion to notice briefly hereafter.

There is great truth in the following remark of Madame de Staël. It is almost equally applicable to the present day as to the time when she wrote it, twenty-eight years ago. In Prussia alone, of all parts of Germany, has it appeared to me to have lost any part of its force.

"In literature, as in politics," she observes, "the Germans have too much consideration for what is foreign, and not sufficient national prejudices." No, in truth, the Germans have not that high opinion of their own worth which they eminently deserve; and it would serve them far in attaining a much higher ascendancy in the opinion of foreign nations, and render them far more powerful as a people, if they

were characterized by the national pride, not the ostentation, of England. The vanity of the French they can never wear: it would always appear, on a German, like an ill-made habit. Yet "the good opinion," observes the same author, with no little share of national vanity in the expression, "which the latter entertain of themselves, has at all times greatly contributed to their ascendancy over Europe."

This ascendancy, without stopping to consider in what degree it has extended over other countries, would never have been admitted, but for the less presumptive manners of other nations.

The present advanced state of education,—the intelligence which prevails among the Germans,—the amalgamation of ideas, feelings, and manners, which are so greatly facilitated, with the interchanging of commodities, by the uninterrupted communication to and fro, over all parts of the union, which the Prussian system extends to twenty-seven millions of people, all speaking the same language, *are*, at the same time, by the powerful influences of mutual interests, mutual safety, and mutual opinions, consolidating, notwithstanding the numerous and jealous sovereignties, all north and central Germany into one great, united, and intelligent nation.

It was the want of this unity, which, at all times of her history, destroyed the great moral and material force of Germany. It still, coupled with her anti-commercial system, enfeebles the Austrian empire, which, with equal natural advantages, and a population as numerous as France, is far weaker than the latter,—from the diversities, both of people and language, being accompanied by separate views and feelings.

France is one nation. The whole population, with trifling exceptions, along the west banks of the Rhine, and the Provencial dialects of Bretagne and La Vendée, speak the same language. Every Frenchman considers France the first country in the world;—and, generally speaking, he himself, if the opportunity were only afforded him, the first of all Frenchmen.

I will not go so far as an unprejudiced, experienced statesman of that country, who had lived long in Germany, said to me, not long since;—"You may also add, if there be any thing wrong in the universe, it is because the Deity created it without having first consulted a Frenchman."

In all great undertakings, especially war, the whole French nation, unhappily for the rest of

continental Europe, have always been unanimous, brave, intrepid, enthusiastic on the march, and, in the field, full of action and fearless of danger. Hence, the otherwise unaccountable military power and victories of France.

Of the whole population of the Austrian empire, not more than one-fourth are, strictly speaking, Germans; the remaining three-fourths are made up of Hungarians, Bohemians, Italians, Moravians, &c.;—none of whom have any national sympathies with Austria. Further, the Austrian soldier appears to have no enthusiasm. It is impossible that he should, when he has no hope either of distinction or honour, as I will show hereafter, in an account of the Austrian army, which I intend sending you. He fights merely as a matter of religious duty, because he has sworn to do so.

In Madame de Staël's admirable work there is so much truth regarding Germany, that I may be pardoned quoting those observations which paint forcibly such features of German character as are still, and will undoubtedly long continue to be, truly national; and also those occasional remarks, which, from the force and beauty of their expression, and our confidence in the author's excellence of heart, convey an erroneous conclusion, with the conviction of reality to the reader, who is not intimately

acquainted with the German people and the German language.

"One may say with reason," observes the amiable author, "that the French and Germans are at the two extremes of the moral chain, as the former consider our ideas generated by exterior objects; and the latter, all impressions as resulting from our preconceived ideas."

There is not only obscurity, but error, in this sweeping, but finely-written remark.

Philosophers may dispute, but can never prove, which of the two, exterior objects or inmate ideas, influence the actions of men. But whatever constitutes the *thinking principle*, in whatever manner it be created or acted upon, controls and directs our actions, except when what are termed the animal passions, or appetites, give way to or follow external objects. In this respect, the Germans only differ from the rest of the world, in being characteristically a more thoughtful people.

In quoting the following extract from the same writer, I do so, not from the force of its description, but from the conviction of its truth being confirmed by all I have experienced in every state of Germany, during an extensive acquaintance with the country and its people.

"The Germans are in general faithfully sin-

cere in whatever they say; they scarcely ever fail in performing what they promise; and deceit is foreign to them.

"*Deception cannot ever be introduced* into Germany, but through the foolish envy to imitate, in order to appear as *dexterous as foreigners.* But the good sense, and honest hearts of the Germans, would even then lead them directly back to a sense of virtue,—to a conviction that they could only be right in their own proper way, and that the *habit of honesty* rendered them unhappy, when they assumed any other character."

Did Madame de Staël intend this as a compliment to the Germans, or as a reproof to the Parisians?* Probably both.

From a tolerably extensive knowledge of the French peasantry, I consider them, generally speaking, an excellent honest race. Of the inhabitants of the towns, it would be difficult, I believe, to prove either integrity of intention, or of expression, as a general characteristic.

* The Parisians really differ so widely from the rest of the population, that the late excellent Duke de R——h L——t said one day to me, "Never, I pray of you, call the *Parisians* French: the former, if they were sure of making money by it, would gladly open the gates of the capital to-morrow to let in the Cossacks."

The landlords and tradesmen of Paris, with some striking exceptions which I have happily met with, may, as a body, be considered familiar with deception, and, whenever they find it their interest, failing, without scruple, in the performance of what they promise. I was for a long time incredulous, as to believing what was so frequently told me of them, although I have been very often cheated in consequence.

The immorality, which the nature of the revolutionary and imperial wars communicated to the army,—the vices, which the pleasures and the luxury of the capital may have generated,—and the mere vanity of duping foreigners, and then one another, may have, in combination, produced that deception, which, at least in money transactions, is so much more conspicuous in France, than in Germany and England.

Among many other examples of these in France, I will mention one. About two years ago, a friend of mine hired, for a year, an unfurnished suite of apartments, belonging to a wealthy coach-builder, who owns several houses in one of the best streets in Paris. He had a witness to the agreement, but no writing. In May, three months after, the landlord gave him

notice to quit in July following, saying, his only reason for doing so was, that he, the landlord, had an *offer* from another person for the adjoining suite of apartments, provided he could get three additional rooms, and that my friend must therefore quit, or take the whole. The latter pleaded the agreement. "Yes," replied the landlord, "that is true; but in France no agreement is binding, except in writing, and on *papier timbré*. It is my interest to let both apartments together, and I consider it right to do so; but as I would not inconvenience you (*dérangé Monsieur*), if you give me fifty francs more than the widow-lady, who occupies the suite of apartments above you, I will give her notice to quit, and then you will lose nothing, as it would cost you that sum, at least, to remove your furniture to another house."

The above, as all Frenchmen and all Englishmen, who have lived a year in Paris will admit, is no uncommon circumstance. The coach-maker is considered only *habile*, and he is either now, or soon very likely to be, a member of the Chamber of Deputies. I feel confident, that if any tradesman or landlord were to be guilty of a similar act in Vienna, Berlin, Munich, or

Dresden, a common postilion would consider it a disgrace to associate with him.

I do not draw these comparisons from malevolent or national feelings; for I readily admit we have rogues and cheats enough in England; but happily they are, whenever found out, generally considered the outcasts of society.

The power of incessant labour, of deep research and reflection, is eminently characteristic of the Germans. They work systematically, but not with active dexterity: they retain what they gain, but they acquire more slowly than nations less precise, in the management of public or private affairs.

"The love of liberty," says Madame de Staël, "is not developed among the Germans: —they have not learnt its value, either from its enjoyment or its privation."

This remark is still true, both in respect to North and South Germany. A few philosophers, and most young students, not of noble families, have had the hardihood to advocate the spirit of liberty; but the former have been generally soothed into silence, by having places given to them under the government; and the most vociferous of the *Burchen*, settle down in

a few years, as peace-preaching pastors,—hard-working lawyers, who have, in a country where there is no pleading *vivâ voce*, never occasion to speak,—or as medical practitioners: the salary of the first, and small fees of the two last, require the utmost attention to their respective professions, amidst the duties of which, all the great schemes of the *ci-devant* Burchen are forgotten.

It will assuredly never be the *Burchenschaft*, *Young Germany*, *Secret Societies*, nor any but the *irresistible Propaganda* of public intelligence, multiplied by the power of steam, that will develop the love and value of liberty in Germany.

Meantime, the governments, North and South, generally despotic in their power, exercise that power, in the practice of their administration, with little exception, in a patriarchal and mild spirit. Oppression in the courts of law is far from being felt, either in expense, or in the vexation of practice, so grievously as in countries with free constitutions, but with *rigidly conserved abuses*, like France, and especially England. Municipal government is nearly vested altogether, by election, in the people. Taxation is light;

and material comforts are very generally distributed. It is these circumstances, alone, that have hitherto prevented the *love of liberty* from being developed, and the full value of its enjoyment from being known both in North and South Germany. Place the Germans in the same position, in regard to government, taxation, and feudal services, as the French nation before the first revolution, and the former would rise in mass, and, by their moral force alone, would acquire true liberty; but they would never make a revolution, as in France, to establish either a military despotism, or the jurisdiction of an army of *police,* and of arbitrary tribunals.

The government and administrations of the Austrian empire, have engaged my attention sufficiently long for me to be enabled in a short time to send you a sketch of both, showing the spirit of the one, and practice of the other.

In regard to South Germany, the remark made by Madame de Staël, more than a quarter of a century ago, is also in great measure, but not altogether, still in force.—" It is sufficiently known that there is no literature, except in North Germany, and that the inhabitants of the south give themselves up to the enjoyments

of physical life; while those of the north are devoted exclusively to the pleasures of intellect. Several men of genius have been born in the south, but they have been formed in the north. Literature might, perhaps, be cultivated with equal success in the south as in the north of Germany, if the sovereigns of the former imparted its proper interests to the study of letters."

The state of literature, arts, and sciences, in Austria, will require a separate letter. If the first be not liberally encouraged by the sovereigns, there is no check given to its pursuit and development,—that is, if politics, and attacks upon the Catholic religion be avoided.

The defective condition of the intellectual state, may be attributed chiefly to the inhabitants of a tranquil country like Austria—fertile in all the material elements of happiness,—being perfectly content with their condition, and to their having no other ambition than the certainty of always enjoying their present manner and means of existence.

LETTER V.

VIENNA.

THIS capital is unlike any other in the world. In its aspect it is not exactly German or yet Italian. It has very little that is French, and still less that is English, in its appearance.

The suburbs have an Italian character, the houses and other buildings being (many of them) splendid edifices, while others, like those of many parts of Italian cities, are crowded in dirty streets, which have been the chief haunts of the cholera, and where that malady still lingers. The city has much of the old German character: narrow clean streets with huge high houses, occasionally with green *persians* to the windows, which are often decked with flowers. Edifices little embellished with architectural ornament, unless it be here and there

figures of Hercules, or of some mighty Greek or Goth supporting a gateway, or some projection in the building.

The suburbs surround the city; and, with the exception of Leopoldstadt (between which, and the town, a small branch of the Danube flows), an open space of from one hundred and fifty to three hundred yards broad, divided into walks, and planted with poplars, and other trees of stinted growth, extends, beyond the ditch without the walls, all around the city, and separates it from the fauxbourgs.

The best idea that I can give you of the appearance of Vienna is, for you to imagine that the buildings surrounding the Regent's park (which latter is of about the same extent, as the space I am going to include) form those facing the broad space I have described; and that in front of those buildings, which by the way I may remark, are, with perhaps ten or twelve exceptions, far more splendid structures than those in front of the Vienna fauxbourgs, you leave a space of from one hundred and fifty to three hundred yards vacant. Within this circle, you are to form a broad ditch, without water, but with a wide Macadamised carriage and footway, planted on each side with tall

Lombardy poplars, and ornamented with flower-gardens. Carriages with gaily-dressed people, are to be seen driving, and horsemen prancing along the avenue, and pedestrians on each side. Immediately beyond this ditch, you have to raise a wall about a hundred feet high, with bastions, forming a regular fortification. On the top of this wall, to which you are to have a parapet three feet high, you must also have a broad boulevard-like promenade on which you are also to plant trees, and to people with fashionably-dressed persons of both sexes. Within the walls, you are to rear a city, with huge palaces and houses, one of the most magnificent and richly Gothic cathedrals in the world, and thirty other churches and chapels. You must leave also four or five open places, none so large as Waterloo-place, for the *graben* — the *Hohe* market — the *Judin platz* — the *Freyung*, &c. Nearly all of these must be adorned by some monument or fountain in the centre, with plain houses, rising six or eight stories on all sides. You must then have huge barracks, some of which were formerly monasteries; two theatres—all the central public offices of the empire, and several public museums; a stock exchange, crowded

with sharp calculating gamblers; cafés, not much like those in Paris, but with numerous frequenters, sipping coffee, lemonade, &c., and playing billiards or cards, and reading newspapers; restaurateurs, nearly resembling those of the French capital; several large hotels which must be neither English, French, Italian, nor German, but something made up of the three latter, and at all times nearly filled with strangers, and with at least a dozen handsome carriages in the court-yard, and two or three driving or leaving the *port-cocher*; shops fully as dashing as those of London; a garden with trees, and a temple, with bands of music, and cafés for the people's amusement; streets as thronged but not half as wide, as the Strand, with carriages driving to and fro with furious rapidity, regardless of the lives of pedestrians; and then soldiers posted here and there as policemen, must all be added to animate and people this city within the walls. You must then have several gates through these walls, and bridges over the ditch; through and over both which, there must be a never-ceasing stream of people on foot, on horseback, or in carriages, passing to and from the fauxbourgs.

The latter must have several public gardens for the public use, especially on Sundays, with restaurants and cafés, and other places of recreation; and the whole surrounded by an extensive wall, that none may enter without the observance of the douaniers and police. Then add an immense park, a *Prada*, or Prater, with woods, and avenues planted with chestnuts, and oaks, and other aristocratic trees, for the nobility and gentry to ride in carriages, and on horseback; and side paths for the second and lower classes to walk and to gaze on their more elevated fellow-creatures. In winter, you must crowd the nobility and gentry in their palaces within the city, and send them in summer to their chateaux, and parks, and serfs in the country. A few, as the Princes Schwartzenburg, Lichtenstein, and Esterhazy, may be allowed two palaces each, besides their country chateaux: that is, one in the city, and one with an immense garden, the meeting place of lovers, in the fauxbourgs. But, as a general rule, you must send all you possibly can, that is not noble, to the fauxbourgs, as the city will only lodge about 60,000 persons, not including the soldiers in barracks, nor the horses in

stables; while more than 300,000 besides invalids, soldiers, and horses find habitations in the fauxbourgs.

In the latter, there are several public institutions; four theatres; thirty churches, most of which have towers, or turrets, very much in the oriental style, particularly that of St. Karl, which resembles the mosque of St. Sophia, in Constantinople. The foregoing sketch, giving the population, who are generally well-dressed and well-looking, a good sprinkling of soldiers in white uniforms and black gaiters; of priests, with black cassocks and white belts; of friars, with dust-brown habits, and heads uncowled; of some hundreds of Jews, cleaner than they generally are in Germany; of an *intrusion*, now and then, of several bands of Hungarian serfs, of Turks, Armenians, Servians, Croats, Tyroleans, and Milanese, and you will have as correct a *panorama-view* of Vienna and its inhabitants, as I can draw for you.

Mr. Russel, in his very entertaining tour, but, as regards Austria, containing not sufficiently well-considered observations, says, "Vienna is no longer a fortified city: promenading is the only purpose to which the fortifications are applied." Now, although the terraces within

the parapets of the fortifications, form, perhaps, a more splendid promenade than that of any capital in Europe, yet, Vienna is regularly and strongly fortified. Not that it could, from its position, withstand for ten days a formidable siege, made by a foreign enemy; but, as a leading Austrian statesman said to me, on mentioning my surprise that the fortifications were not levelled, and converted into boulevards, as in Paris (in order to give more breadth, airiness, and splendour to Vienna), "they are not kept up with the idea of being proof against foreign attack, but, in the possible event of insurrection, to overawe the populous suburbs." What absurdity! if the 340,000 inhabitants of the suburbs were to revolt, they would starve the 60,000 nobles and shopkeepers within the fortifications, into submission or death, in less than a fortnight.

LETTER VI.

STREETS AND SHOPS.

I HAVE said the city would only lodge about sixty thousand souls, besides horses. During the day, and half the night, there would seem to be thrice that number within the walls; and, taking all the streets together, there is not in one of them, for a hundred yards in length, a space as broad as half the width of Piccadilly: all the others are scarcely wide enough for one coach to pass another. Yet, in no other town on earth, is there so many carriages of all kinds; such furious, never-ceasing driving. The coachmen never give the least attention to those on foot; and you every moment see the people, men, women, and children, flying from one side to the other, as the geese and pigs did,

when John Gilpin's horse ran away with that renowned citizen. This is not all the danger that pedestrians have to encounter; for, as close to the walls as they can roll, you are perpetually met, or followed, or crossed, by giant-wheel-barrows, pushed forward at a rapid sort of trot, by Herculean-made fellows, or by women of Amazonian dimensions. The pushers of these loaded or empty vehicles, are equally careless of what is before them, as the coachmen. Then come the waggoners, lashing their horses, to get along, or to get out of the way. Into the city they must come, for they carry all the good things of this and other lands, to minister to the appetites, pleasures, fashions, or other wants and fancies of Vienna. In escaping from coaches, waggons, and wheelbarrows, you are again to guard stumbling over the piles of wood, which men and women are cutting in the streets, and against the axes which those cleavers are perpetually swinging over their heads.

Notwithstanding all these formidable interruptions, and never-ceasing tumult, the streets are crowded with people on foot, all of whom, even the poorest Jews in their national garments, are well clad, and most of them fashion-

ably dressed: a few half-naked Bohemians, now and then seen, in some corner, where they can take advantage of not being in sight of a policeman, to beg a kreutzer, and the wretched serfs, who come in driving the Hungarian waggons, being the only exception. In short, no town on earth exhibits such an appearance of people living amidst plenty, such an absence of *uneasy classes*, and of any thing that can represent poverty. The hackney-coaches are as neat, clean, and showy, all but the number, as private carriages; the horses are generally in excellent condition. The shops, although in such narrow streets, and most of which have signs, with painting almost worthy of museums, are as *dashing* as those of London or Paris. Those which exhibit jewellery, porcelain, and Bohemian glass, are especially brilliant. The cut, engraved, and coloured glass, of Bohemia is unequalled. The purest crystal in all forms, cut with astonishing ingenuity, and often with as many colours as the kaleidoscope represents, and as fancifully burnt transparently in, is exhibited in the glass-shops in the richest variety. Silks, merinos, Thibets, the finest cloths, cottons, muslins, clocks, watches, confections, drugs, cutlery, groceries, and china, have all

their respective showy displays to tempt purchasers.

The booksellers' and picture shops are numerous and large. Besides all the literature of every state in Germany, you may also find nearly every popular book, and the principal engravings published in England or France.

With all this abundance—with the actually well-known wealth of the inhabitants, it seems unaccountable that they should reside, crowded tier over tier in eight or ten layers, within houses as high as those in old Edinburgh; and, whenever they stir out, if they venture on foot, at the risk every instant of being crushed in the streets. The suburbs offer the finest situations imaginable. Some of the streets, particularly that leading to the Prater, are wider than Pall-mall, and the houses are generally much larger than those of London, having nearly all a *port cocher*, and court within. Yet, it is considered not fashionable to reside without the city-gates; and this "do well enough" sort of putting up with what has served them for generations, is remarkably characteristic of the Austrians.

Small as the space is, the whole city, not covering half as much ground as the Regent's Park, the princes and nobles of the empire have

no less than one hundred and twenty-two huge palaces within the walls. Not one of the streets in front and rear of those unadorned buildings is so broad as Fludyer-street, Westminster; yet no streets in the world are kept cleaner than those of the city of Vienna, every particle of dirt being actually swept off twice a day, and nothing offensive to the eye or nasal organs ever appears. How different from the otherwise so agreeable capital of France! Several streets in the suburbs of Vienna are not, however, remarkable for pleasant odours, although they seldom look filthy.

Those who are so wise as to consider walking salutary, may soon escape from the narrow streets of Vienna, by ascending the ramparts which surround the town,—the most agreeable of promenades, affording an ever-changing panorama. Here you have a view over the bridges, and along the numerous avenues leading to the several fauxbourgs, of a perpetual stream of carriages,—persons on horseback and pedestrians, of all ages and sexes, clad in the most brilliant and the most grave colours. You have in front the edifices of the suburbs, with numerous spires, turrets, and domes, facing the city, and sufficiently distant to be remarkably pisturesque in

the perspective. In the western back-ground, you have high hills, and all round a country in which the landscape is diversified with woods, fields, white houses, and the blue turrets and spires of several churches, and a sky almost perpetually clear and brightly blue.

The ditch below you has a fine avenue, with a carriage-road, footpaths, and flower-gardens; and, on the open ground between you and the fauxbourgs are groups of women and children, the former usually knitting, and the latter engaged in a thousand different diversions.

The view is particularly striking when you ascend from the ramparts to the top of the great entrance (*Neuer Thor*—one of the finest in Europe), that leads to the large open space which separates the *Hof* (court) *garden* from the *volks* (people) *garden*, and then passing through the Hof-burg, or palace (much as through the court of the Louvre), to the city within.

If you walk round until you are in view of Leopoldstadt, you observe, on the arm of the Danube that flows beneath you, a great number of immense roughly-constructed boats, untarred and unpainted, loaded with the various products of the countries bordering on the Danube.

These river craft have actually large warehouses, with angular roofs, built within them, for storing the merchandise they carry. The bridges over this branch of the river are thronged and animated with carriages and pedestrians passing to and fro. In every direction round Vienna, but especially in the Prater and *Augarten*, you have delightful rides and promenades, to which I must lead you on a future occasion, as you will probably find this letter already sufficiently long.

LETTER VII.

THE INNS.

In Austria the inns are, by many, considered inferior to those of North Germany. We have not found them altogether so. At Salzburg, the young landlady of the "*Drey Allirten,*" gave us the names of the hotels her good man corresponded with; and we have not been disappointed in her recommendations. But, not being able to reach the town we proposed stopping at the first night, we halted at the post-house of a village, called *Voeckla-bruck;* that is, the bridge on the river Voeckla. All over Germany, when you find the name of a place terminated by *bruck,* you may be sure a river flows through, or close to it.

The post-house of Voeckla-bruck appeared

to have been an old *Schloss*, or baronial castle. Its enormously thick walls, gathered into Gothic arches over every one of its apartments, formed the roof above, supporting the floor of the next story, and so on to the top; for, in the actual structure of the building, nothing but the doors and window-frames consisted of wood, except in a few rooms, where fir boards had been laid over the original stone floor. The long cold passages were also arched over, and, in like manner, floored with stone; and the windows had, on the ground and second stories, all projecting iron bars, guarding them in front.

We were led, by a very handsome chambermaid, up a flight of stone stairs to a door which she unlocked with a key apparently as old as the schloss. All over the country the rooms at the inns are locked. This seems rather strange, as thefts are by no means frequent. The room into which we were shown by our fair Austrian, was a large, dreary-looking parallelogram, with an arched roof, and two small windows.

The furniture consisted of a huge stove, a spitting-box, three chairs, a small narrow sofa, a middle-sized table on one side of the room, and a smaller one on the other. On the latter

were placed two oval dishes, large enough to hold a little more than a pint of water, and two glass bottles, which were afterwards filled with that element. On the wall above this table hung a looking-glass, about a foot long. The table, dishes, bottles, and glass, with a couple of snow-white towels, formed the conveniences for two persons to wash and dress. There stood, at opposite ends of this chamber, two wooden things, something more than five feet long, and a little wider than an infant's crib, crossed by a board at the head and foot, but open at the sides. In it was placed a straw mattress, about two feet in width, and over it another of the same material, about a foot thick at the head, but tapering like a wedge, until it terminated in the middle of the thing I am describing. A floating sort of mattress, and then a flat straw bolster, and then another floating mattress, were successively piled on this building: then two pillows at the head, and then a sheet, and then a feather-bag, about four feet long by three broad, placed over all, completed the construction of what, over all Germany, is called a bed. In this short, narrow, high edifice, you are supposed to sleep, with your body making an angle of nearly forty-

five degrees with the horizon, much in the same position as the bodies, of those who die at Frankfort and Munich, are lodged in houses attached to the cemeteries, for some time after dissolution, to avoid premature interment.

Such a room, furnished as I have described, is at the inns, over all parts of Germany not much frequented by foreigners, being the sort of lodging considered proper for a husband and wife. In such a bed your head is jammed, unless you be very low of stature, at one end, and your feet at the other, against the boards. You feel yourself, from your inclined position, always as if sliding downwards. If you are not subject to the nightmare, you will assuredly be so in a German bed; and, on sleeping, find yourself, in spite of all resistance, as probably falling down from some terrific precipice into some infernal gulf, where a legion of devils, in all demoniac shapes, are preparing to seize you. The short feather-bed is supposed to be all the covering necessary; for you have seldom any sheets but the one under you, and I never saw a blanket in Germany. If you move, the said bag of feathers rolls off; and, if you be asleep at the time, 'tis possible you may dream of being denuded by the Esquimaux, and left to

perish in Captain Ross's country. Perhaps the necessity of remaining immovable, when in bed, is one of the causes, which, by long-continued habit, have rendered the people not so restless as those of other countries.

If you do not speak German, and if you do not carry along with you your own sheets, you will be indeed wretchedly lodged in respect to sleeping. If you can make the maid understand you, she is astonished at what she considers your barbarity, in wishing to demolish the lofty edifice she so carefully constructed; and she may probably run off, taking you for some Goth, of whom she has heard in an old ballad. You had, therefore, better ask for a couple of sheets, which, the moment you are understood, will never be refused; and, after you bid the *kammer mädchen* (chambermaid) and the *kelner* or *kelnerin* (male or female servants) *gute nacht*, then set about reducing the beds to a level. If you be a married man, place the side, not the end, of one bed, close to the wall, which will form one guard against the coverings rolling off. Then, place the other bed close beside it; thus making one sufficiently large and wide bed out of two. Throw out of both the two floating mattresses, also the

wedge-like one, and pillows, leaving nothing but the straw palliasses. Across these, place the soft mattresses; and then, as your wife or wife's maid will either have, or ought to have, needles and thread, let them stitch every two sheets into one, and the sides of the feather-bags also together, by which means, after arranging pillows and sheets properly, on this united bed, you may repose with great comfort; that is, with your head to the wall, and your body extending across both beds made into one, of which the head and foot boards of both form the sides. It was thus we managed at Voeckla-bruck, and that we had often managed before in north and central Germany. Batchelor travellers must manage as they can; but, I would advise them, if the floor be clean, to take out all the mattresses, and arrange them in the most easy way to lie upon, in one corner of the room.

We had no reason, however, to complain of any thing else at our country inn. They gave us excellent baked trout, potatoes smoking hot, and, as we desired, boiled in their skins; beef-steaks; fried chicken, which is a national dish, especially at Vienna; and excellent soup, bread, butter, &c. At Linz, our host of the "Golden

Cannon" served us well; and we had beds made up for us in the manner we directed. The head-waiter recommended us to stop at the "Golden Lion," (every sign is almost invariably *golden something*, in Austria), St. Poelten, "for," said he, "all the great nobles put up there, being exactly a good day's journey from hence; and, besides, I am going to be married to the widow that keeps it." On arriving at the said inn, we were received by the widow, who had once been handsome; but her daughter, a fine fair marriageable girl, seemed the proper age and match for the waiter of the "Golden Cannon." "So," thought I, "there are matches of convenience in Austria, as well as in France and England." All we required at this hotel (which was also *schloss*-like in its architecture), was good, except the beds, which required a similar transformation to those of Voeckla-bruck.

The houses in many German towns, particularly in new streets, are magnificent buildings, that seem constructed as if the inhabitants were to live on the outside, in order to admire the edifices they have erected; for, strictly speaking, they are destitute of the interior comforts which we consider so essential:

of these, good beds are what we feel more disappointed and surprised at being so rarely met with, than any of the other articles of furniture, which are, in England especially, deemed indispensable. Carpets are scarcely ever seen; and, instead of open fireplaces, you have, in every room, stoves which suffocate you with a close, heated atmosphere, which you have no means of tempering, but by the dangerous experiment of letting a stream of cold air into the room, or having no fire at all. In France, Holland, and Belgium, good beds are found in every house, although the Dutch have something of the German propensity of heaping mattresses and feather-bags over each other. Carpets are, it is true, rare in France, except lately in Paris, and in those towns visited in swarms by the English; but there, again, you have a rich display of mirrors, clocks, chimney-ornaments, lamps, candelabras, marble and mahogany tables, sofas, fauteuils, and so forth. In Germany, with a few exceptions in the houses of the very first families in the capitals, and in those of the rich merchants at Frankfort, Leipzig, Mayence, and Hamburg, the rooms are all furnished in a strikingly meagre style. At Munich, we found them better sup-

plied than in most other towns. In Vienna, the hotels are considered unworthy of so populous and rich a city. They do not exactly deserve this charge. In appearance, they have not much that is prepossessing. The Golden Lamb, in Leopoldstadt, is a magnificent building; but then it is not in *the city;* consequently, second-rate. In the city, again, they are nearly all in the most noisy streets on earth, especially the *karnthner gasse,* in which are the hotels most frequented by foreigners. Scarcely any of the hotels have decent entrances, except the "*Kaiserin von Oesterreich.*" In all, the charges for rooms, and every thing they provide, are extravagantly high; and, although every eatable and drinkable article, except perhaps fish, is abundant in the market, and cheaper than at Paris, we have found the expense of living at least a third higher. At the same time, we do not believe that at our hotel, the "*Kaiserin von Oesterreich*" (Empress of Austria), they make us, as they do the English in France and Italy, pay more than the inhabitants of the country. We have quick attendance, and fair cookery. The rooms, linen, beds, furniture, are remarkably clean; the parquet, or oak floor, is polished, like those

of Paris; but, although cold weather is approaching, there is no idea of having carpets. Vienna is said to be very generally infested by those little chocolate-coloured gentry, which, in the depth of night, leave their lurking-places, to bleed all who are snoring, or more silently reposing beneath feather-bags, sheets, or wadded coverlets.*

There are, I believe, few hotels in the city or suburbs, free from those poisonous and disgusting insects; but, by taking great care in regard to beds, and sheets, we have scarcely experienced more than the show of an attack.

* Cotton, wadded between a piece each of cotton and coloured silk, in breadth three feet, and in length five, has, where you find the best beds, been substituted in place of the feather-bag, to cover you. You may, however, have the latter in addition.

LETTER VIII.

LIVING ABROAD.

FROM all I observe in the markets, I am persuaded that, with a little management, and especially by renting, unfurnished, one of the large, clean suit of apartments in the superb Prater-street, Leopoldstadt, which is much the same as the *Avenue de Neuilly*, in the Champs Elysées, Paris, a family may live, *even in a stylish way*, cheaper in Vienna, than in any other large capital. House-rent is not so high as in Paris; servants' wages much less; furniture still cheaper; and a pair of excellent Hungarian carriage-horses, worth, for daily use in this country, a dozen of English *high-breds*, may be bought for about twenty pounds each; the keep of both will cost about thirty pounds

a year. Excellently-built carriages, as handsome as any constructed in Long-acre, cost about one-third what you are asked at that renowned and exorbitant London manufactory.

I am not, however, anxious to tempt my fellow-subjects to Vienna, by telling them how cheaply they may live in one of the gayest, if it be not, indeed, the very gayest of capitals. I far more anxiously wish them to remain in their own, and not to fly in swarms, to the discredit of our nation, to other countries. But, before we can cure the mania for absenteeism, for neglecting the solid means of enjoyment possessed at home, we must change many things of which England has no reason to be proud; we must reform our social state as well as our laws,—the expensive administration of our Courts, and that abomination of our land, the authority usurped by the attorneys; we must legislate so that those articles which so greatly increase the necessary expense of maintaining life, be taxed less and produced cheaper, and in greater abundance. We must improve our system of public and private instruction; we must scout from society and the power of legislation, all those doleful canting law-makers, who wish to prevent our honest citizens enjoying, after their

devotions, on the only day in seven on which they can rest from their labours, those harmless amusements which gladden the heart in all countries but Great Britain. We must in high, or rather *rich* life, have less ostentation, and more liberality in the social state, before we can make England again, in the true sense of the meaning, that *merry old England* she was, at a period when her means of being *merry*, were few, in comparison to her present ill-distributed abundance.

We are in a position to become the happiest, the most-to-be-sought-after, country on earth. We have riches, we have a great share of intelligence,—we have public parks; we have also watering-places, especially those on the sea-coasts, of great attraction and beauty. But we do not seem to understand how to be happy; and we fly abroad in pursuit of what we do not understand. What, for example, has Boulogne, in comparison with the Isle of Wight, or Hastings, in natural beauty? The freedom of the social position in France, seems to me the only possible attraction; certainly not novelty, for few English people know much of their own country.

Foreigners generally consider that we are

a very rich nation, but that in some way or other we do not possess those sources of enjoyment which are agreeable to us; and that all who can escape from the foggy climate and stupid society of England, fly to the continent in quest of natural beauties and artificial charms. This idea is very flattering to them, especially to the national vanity of all Frenchmen. Englishmen again believe that the French are happy to see them, as John Bull spends so much money in France.* This is a false ostentatious idea. All but the innkeepers, lodging-house letters and shopkeepers, detest our presence, as residents. English families scarcely ever get into good French society. They sometimes fancy they do, when they only mix with designing female *intrigantes* and *chevaliers d'industrie*, with the assumed titles of barons and baronessess, counts and countesses, and who flatter English mothers and English daughters too frequently with success, in order to feed on them, or to swindle them out of their money,

* By the police returns, it appears that taking the average of five years, there are more than 50,000 English always in France. If each spends 100*l.* per annum, the whole must draw 5,000,000*l.* a year from the United Kingdom.

by almost invariably disgraceful and unhappy marriages.

French families of respectable standing say they are very much inconvenienced by the residence of an English multitude in Paris, who raise the rents of houses, and the price of necessaries and luxuries. It is true that increased demand, long continued, will always, by being the cause of multiplying the production of commodities, bring prices to their natural level; but the French never consider this, and always tell you that the great expense of living in Paris is occasioned by the rich English, who pay any price the French people choose to ask.*

In Germany, they do not entertain the same ideas. English residents may, by being once introduced, not only associate with the most respectable families, but enjoy the most friendly and sincere intercourse with them. Nor can there be a greater error than to say, because the Germans make few professions, that they are cold and indifferent: far otherwise; they feel sincerely what they say, and it will go

* Last winter we have heard them go much further, saying, "You also spoil our charming climate, by your abominable custom of burning coal.

indeed hard with them to estrange the regard they once form. They, at the same time, expect the same fidelity and truth from others; particularly from the English, whom they esteem more than they do all other people.

In Germany, there are not, however, many English residents, and these consist only of persons engaged commercially in large trading towns, and a few families who have resorted to the country, for the purpose of educating their children in a cheap country.

A remarkably intelligent German lady, with whom my wife formed a most agreeable friendship, on one day alluding to the circumstance of so many English families residing abroad, thousands of whom had actually no home in England, said, "I cannot comprehend the possibility of voluntary expatriation. Those who are sufficiently rich may naturally enough travel to see other countries; but to abandon one's native land—oh! oh!—'twould break my heart to think of doing so."

LETTER IX.

THE CORONATION.

The court, nobility, and diplomatic corps, have all left the metropolis of the empire a fortnight since, for the capital of Bohemia. Thousands have flocked from all parts of Germany to Prague; and, now that the emperor has been crowned king of Bohemia, I find that I know more about that solemn and pompous ceremony, than any of those who, as the French say, *assisted* at the coronation.

Ever since intermarriages gave the hereditary sovereignties of Hungary and Bohemia to the dukes of Austria, the coronations of the latter, at Possoni, as King of Hungary, and at Prag (Prague), as King of Bohemia, have been so-

lemnized with an extraordinary formal grandeur, considered as especially appertaining to the house of Hapsburg.

The present emperor, Ferdinand the First, was crowned King of Hungary during his father's lifetime in 1830, five years before his accession to the Imperial throne. Great preparations being lately made at Prague, the emperor repaired thither with his empress, daughter of the late King of Sardinia. The King and Queen of Saxony, and the ministers of foreign courts, with some of the nobility and gentry of foreign countries, were also present.

The emperor is in the forty-third year of his age; and, although his constitution is delicate, and his person spare, he does not look older. The empress is ten years younger. In person she is one of the most graceful slight forms imaginable, and still retains her beauty, in a remarkable degree, for so delicately-constructed a frame.

The archdukes and duchesses, and other branches of the imperial family, with Prince and Princess Metternich, and other high dignitaries of the empire, accompanied or followed the emperor and his consort.

Prague is not only more delightfully situated than Vienna; but its edifices and buildings, generally, are quite equal in magnificence and beauty of architecture. The royal palace, overlooking the river and surrounding country, contains about seven hundred apartments. The archbishop's palace is also magnificent, and still more superb in its decorations than that of royalty. The cathedral, exclusive of the costly manner in which it has been fitted up for the recent ceremony, is, after St. Stephen's, the first Gothic edifice in the empire, and even superior to the cathedral of Vienna, in its interior splendour.

The drives and public walks, especially the Landstandisch, were crowded with thousands of the noble and fashionable, who had never before seen a city, to which the names of Jerome of Prague, and of Tycho Brahe, have lent a celebrity in history, more lasting than that of all the princes and bishops who have ever resided within its palaces, or of all the coronations that have been solemnized within its walls.

An account of this pompous ceremony was drawn up for me by a very worthy acquaintance at Prague, a learned antiquarian, who considered

all the minutiæ of its formalities of such sacred importance, that it would have been a sort of profanity to have omitted any one observance, of those which were instituted in the thirteenth century, when King and Saint Wenzelslaw, whose dust lies intombed within a large chapel in the cathedral, was crowned.

The style of writing which my friend considered befitting the subject, differs very little from that of Martin Luther's Bible; and, as it may be a curiosity to show to your lovers of ancient usages, I will translate it as literally as I can into English. After describing the splendour of the royal dinner and ball (which, however, was a most stupidly formal assemblage), given on the previous Sunday, my friend proceeds—

"The holy ceremonies that have, from olden times, been performed on crowning the kings of Bohemia, have, on the crowning of the Lord's anointed, King Ferdinand, the beloved, been observed in the following order:

"Already, early in the morning, the assembled people thronged the royal city.

"The cathedral (*domkirche*) was beforehand prepared, in the accustomed way, for every class of the inhabitants, who were to take a part in the solemn ceremony. There were seats placed

in a circular form all round, ornamented in a costly manner, and raised in rows above one another. Above these, were places elevated and decked with rich tapestry of red and gold cloth, and having seats for the most high, and high lords of the land to sit in. The walls and the pillars were decked, and all the floor covered with red and scarlet cloth. Near the high altar stood the royal oratory, decked with gold cloth, and behind it was the royal chair, likewise ornamented with cloth of gold, and with a canopy (*thron-himmel*), having curtains hanging down on both sides of the red cloth.

"On the right and on the left there were tabourets, covered with red and gold cloth, for those who were to assist at the king's crowning.

"In the evangelical (the archbishop's) side of the church there was the throne, for enthroning the king, decked with gold drapery. Behind the high altar, there was a table, on a level with the little altar, covered with rich gold cloth, and thereon lay the silver dishes, with the anointing oil, and the cotton wool, and the salt, and the napkins, and all that was needful for the anointing of the king.

"At the sixth hour in the morning, the imperial and royal garrison of Prague, and the

privileged burger corps, and the regiment of artillery, all with their banners flying, and with their bands of music, and likewise the corporations of the city, with their flags and their bands of music, assembled in the great parade place; and all the bells of the towers and of the steeples then began to ring, and all the gates of the city were closed, and not to be opened until after the crowning. And the king rode at the time before all his royal army, and before his people, who all formed a line afterwards, all the way from the royal palace to the cathedral.

"And the sight of the men-at-arms, and of the horsemen, and the beauteous uniforms, and dresses of all, and the artillery with the banners, and the music bands, was delightful to behold.

"At seven o'clock there met together, at the palace, the chief officers of the state; and the chief burg-graf of Prague, went to St. Wenzelslaw's chapel, the walls of which are of gold and of agate, with the key of the crown archives, and the dean of the cathedral (*dom dechant*) delivered over to the chief burg-graf the sword of the holy St. Wenzelslaw, with the royal insignia, and they were carried and laid on a

cushion of gold cloth, and placed on a table below the throne.

"Then began the procession to move to the cathedral.

"First, came the chief governor of the state (*oberst-land-hofmeister*), carrying his staff of office, on the top of which was the lion of Bohemia, which was made of pure gold, and standing upright.

"Then followed the chief burg-graf of Prague with the crown, which was made of scarlet silk velvet, and decked with all its diamonds.

"Then came the chief sheriff (*oberstland richter*) carrying the royal golden globe (*reicks apfel*).

"Then the chief master of the rolls (*oberst-landschreiben*), carrying the sceptre.

"Then followed the warden of the coronets of the nobles, carrying the *stola* and girdle; and with him was the warden of the knight's heraldry, carrying the mantel.

"Then in the procession were six royal-imperial (*königliche-kaiserliche*) archers, and six noble officers of the Hungarian life-guards. At the same time, came the royal-imperial chamber-

page, with the sheath of the sword of holy and royal Saint Wenzelslaw, and with the holy and royal saint's ring, and laid them both on the high altar.

"And, when the hour that was fixed for proceeding to the coronation struck, his royal imperial majesty, with the ordinary crown (*haus-krone*) on his head, came forth from the royal apartment by the great stairs, and then walked along to the cathedral, by the way which was overlayed with scarlet and white, and on each side of this way there marched the royal imperial soldiers and the privileged burger corps, and the corporations of the city, all in procession to the cathedral.

"And, following the king's majesty, there were all the *royal imperial pages;* and, as the king walked along, the *burgermaster*, the *vice-burgermaster*, and the *six oldest magistrates* of Prague supported the canopy of gold stuff cloth over the king's royal head.

"Then came the *hereditary state office-keeper*, and the *chief state officers*, and the *royal imperial carver* in procession without any distinction of rank.

"Then followed the *royal imperial judges*.

"Then the *chief provincial governor* with his

staff of office, and the *royal Bohemian herald,* in his robes of ceremony, holding a white rod upright, on the head of which was the Bohemian lion.

"Then came the *chief land marshal,* carrying the unsheathed sword of the holy and royal St. Wenzelslaw.

"There were also on both sides of his majesty, the *knights of the golden fleece,* wearing their great collars; and walking outside of the bearers of the canopy; and there were likewise on both sides, a troop of *royal imperial archers,* and of *royal imperial Hungarian life-guards;* and then the *royal imperial life horse-guards,* closing the rear of the procession.

"And, during the whole procession, the bells all rang merrily, and the military bands played, and the trumpeters blew their trumpets, and the standard-bearers waved their banners.

"And, when the king's majesty entered the cathedral, the most high reverend consecrator sprinkled the holy water over his majesty, and gave his majesty the holy cross of St. Wenzelslaw, which his majesty kissed; and then his majesty entered St. Wenzelslaw's chapel, and kneeled down on the cushion that was prepared for his majesty, and, after saying a short

prayer, his majesty put aside his ordinary clothes, and put on the coronation robes.

"And then came the most high right reverend archbishop, with the assistant clerks of St. Wenzelslaw's chapel, in procession to the high altar, and repeating a short prayer aloud, which was accompanied by the trumpets and the large drums, while the procession came up in the following order:

"The *most high right reverend archbishop*, and the *right reverend twenty bishops*.

"The *most high right reverend consecrator*, with the *clerks*.

Then *all the priests* of Prague, with silvered busts and with four saints' images, followed by *pages* carrying wax torches.

"Then the *royal pages*.

"Then the *nobles* and *knights of the empire and kingdom*, preceded by the *royal imperial chamberlain*.

"Then the *privy counsellors*, according to their rank.

"Then the *royal Bohemian herald*.

"Then the *hereditary warden of the gates*, with the city *key*, which key is of the most pure steel, and the ring of pure gold, upon which the Bohemian crown is set in cornelian,

and which is placed on the Bohemian lion, likewise in cornelian, and in the ring there are six fine precious stones.

"Then the *hereditary standard-bearer* of the nobles, carrying the standard which is of fine scarlet, and on which there is in gold, the arms of Bohemia, and the lion of Bohemia.

"Then the *standard-bearer* of the knights banner, which is likewise of fine scarlet, with the arms and lion of Bohemia in silver.

"Then the *hereditary chamberlain of the royal silver.*

"Then the *hereditary surveyor of the kitchen,* carrying a silvered loaf of bread; and likewise the *hereditary chamberlain of the royal treasure,*—and, between these two, the *hereditary carver,* carrying a gilded loaf, on which were the arms and lion of Bohemia.

"Then the *hereditary cup-bearer,* carrying a gold cask filled with red Bohemian wine, with his *assistants* on his left, carrying silver casks filled with white Bohemian wine; and, on his right, the *hereditary chief carver,* with his insignia of office.

"Then the *hereditary governor of the court,* with his staff of office.

"Then the *warden of the knights' heraldry.*

"Then the *chief master of the rolls*, carrying the *royal sceptre*, with the *under chamberlain of state* on his right, and the *burg-graf of Königgrätz* on his left.

"Then the *warden of the coronets of the nobles*.

"Then the *chief sheriff*, carrying the *royal golden globe*, with his *two deputies*.

"Then the *chief burg-graf of Prague*, carrying the *royal crown*, with the *chief judge* on the left, and the *chief chancellor* on the right.

"Then the *chief provincial governor*, carrying his staff of office.

"Then the *chief land marshal*, bearing the unsheathed sword of the holy St. Wenzelslaw.

"Then came His Imperial Majesty, *the King of Bohemia*, under the canopy supported by the *knights of the golden fleece*, and *the guards*, and behind his royal majesty was the *chief chamberlain*, carrying the *golden dish*, which held the red silk cap that goes under the crown.

"Then the *captains of the guards*, closing the rear of the procession.

"Her imperial and royal majesty, the empress; and the archdukes and archduchesses; and the princes and princesses, and magnates

of the empire, were likewise in the high places of honour prepared for them in the cathedral, where they remained during the ceremony.

"On arriving at the high altar, his imperial royal majesty kneeled down on a silken cushion, placed on the steps, and the high right reverend archbishop read the usual prayer and epistle in Latin, and sung the hallelujah in Latin, and the choir performed the music of the hallelujah.

"The king's majesty still kneeling, had the oath of Coronation read to him, and he then swore, with the proper solemnity, to observe its solemn obligations, as King of Bohemia, Margrave of Moravia, and Grand Duke of Silesia, repeating the words—

"'*Getreulich und ohne gefärde, so wahr, als uns Gott helfe;*' that is,

"'Faithfully, and without mental reservation, so truly as we trust in the help of God.'

"And, then when the other usual holy ceremonies were performed, and the thanksgiving prayer (dank-sagungs-gebeten) at first pronounced the anointment; and the king's majesty was then kneeling, with his shoulders and with his right arm naked, and then the most high right reverend *consecrator* sanctified the holy oil, and poured it over the anointed of the Lord's

head. Then was performed the drying of his majesty's royal person, and the putting on again of the coronation robes, and the placing upright, beside his royal majesty, with the proper benediction, the holy sword of Saint and King Wenzelslaw, and the putting of the holy ring of St. Wenzelslaw on the last finger but one of his majesty's royal right hand, with the benediction '*Domine sanctifica annulum istum,*' and then his majesty taking the sceptre in his right hand, and the golden globe in his left, the chief chamberlain put on the king's head the scarlet silk cap that was under the crown, and then with the holy benediction, the most high right reverend archbishop, assisted by the chief burg-graf of Prague, and two bishops, put the crown on his royal majesty's head, and then his majesty arose and left the altar, with the most high right reverend archbishop, and the chief burg-graf, and ascended to the throne, in which, according to the Latin form read by the most high right reverend archbishop, his royal majesty was enthroned. Then the chief burg-graf said aloud, kneeling before the king—

"'*Sehen wir, das bekentniss unserm gekrönten könige und Eibher abzulegen;*' that is,'

"'Let us behold our avowed crowned king and manorial lord by succession.'

"Then the burg-graf, and all those present, gave three loud joyful *vivas*, which were accompanied by the sounding of trumpets and the beating of the large drums.

"Then the TE DEUM was sung, and the CREDO repeated by all.

"Then the chief burg-graf of Prague, in the name of the deputies of Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia, read in German the oath of allegiance, which was, with the proper solemnity, sworn to, and which bound them and their descendants, in the name of the Almighty God, in perpetual allegiance and fidelity to the most mighty, most illustrious, and invincible (unüberwindlichsten) Prince and Lord, his Imperial and Royal Majesty, Ferdinand, Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary, Bohemia, Gallicia, and of the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom;—Marg-graf of Moravia;—Duke of Silesia; and Marg-graf of Lausitz, &c.

"The *chief burg-graf* then received in charge the sceptre from the king, and the *chief land-marshal* placed the sword of the holy St. Wenzelslaw in his majesty's right hand.

"Then the holy mass was performed, and the gilded and silvered loaves were placed in the *offertorium*; and the gold and silver casks, with the wine, were opened; and then the most high and right reverend the archbishop administered the holy sacrament of the communion to his royal majesty. And, at the same moment, the cannons of the fortifications began to thunder, and all the bells to ring merrily, and the bands of military music to play joyfully; and then all the gates of the city were thrown open; and then the procession left the cathedral in the same order that it entered; and then all the people saw his royal imperial majesty with the crown on his head, and with his coronation robes."

My friend gives an equally punctual account of the free performances at the theatres; the feast given to the people (volks-feste); the illuminations; the balls, and the many other amusements, which gladdened all hearts at this joyful jubilee.

To him, assuredly, appeared every part of the feudal melo-drame as Mannering's library did to Dominie Sampson, "PRODIGIOUS."

The empress was crowned two days after-

wards. The crown was placed on her head by the amiable and beautiful Archduchess Theresa, daughter of the Archduke Charles,—she whom the Duke of Orleans would have been delighted to wed. For the occasion, she became *temporary abbess* of the *Convent of Ladies.*

As King and Queen of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, the emperor and empress are to be crowned next year, when Milan will be the scene of royal festivities, should the cholera not reappear.

LETTER X.

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY.

THE emperor and empress have returned from Prague. Yesterday afternoon, I had occasion to call at the British embassy, which is near the imperial palace. On returning, the *Kohl-markt*, a narrow, ever-crowded street, which leads to the latter,—the *Graben*,—and then the street extending to the bridge, crossing to Leopoldstadt, were lined with regular troops and Burger guards. The latter, let me remark, had on red, blue, and white *tricolor* uniforms. They had also each a small green oak branch in their caps.

On asking what was the cause of so unusual a sight (for there is no capital, except London, in which there is so little military display as

at Vienna), I was told the emperor and empress were expected. Finding a convenient place at one corner of St. Stephen's cathedral, I stood there, until the *hurras* along the line announced the imperial carriage. It was a plain, handsome chariot, drawn by six white horses, and the windows being let down, the emperor and empress bowed slightly on each side, as they passed along. He was in the usual Austrian white uniform, and little adorned. He looked rather florid, yet weakly in appearance; she, pale, slender, and delicate, and in a very simple dress and bonnet, looked lovely. Two servants sat on the *rumble* behind; and a half-waggon sort of carriage, with two ladies, maids of honour, I presume, and two other females, maid-servants, I suppose, followed. In this style, without guards, did the emperor and his consort enter the capital, and proceeded to their palace.

As I may have to allude hereafter to the imperial family, it will be as well for me to give you now a sketch of the members who compose it.

The late emperor, Ferdinand,* was born at

* Son of the Emperor Leopold, the nephew and heir of Joseph II., and son to Francis I., of the House of

Florence, in 1768, and was married four times; *First*, to Elizabeth, Princess of Würtemberg (a Protestant), who died in 1790, without leaving issue. *Second*, to Maria Theresa, daughter of Ferdinand, King of the Two Sicilies, who died in 1807, and by whom he had issue, 1. Maria Louisa, the Archduchess of Parma, and ex-Empress of the French, born 1791; 2. the present emperor, Ferdinand Charles Joseph Francis Marcellian, born April 1793; 3. Maria Clementina, late Queen of Naples; 4. Caroline, late Princess Royal of Saxony; 5. Francis Charles, born 1802, and married in 1824, the Princess Frederica Sophia Dorothea, Princess Royal of Bavaria, by whom he has three sons, first born in 1830; 6. Maria Anne Frances Theresa Joseph Medard, born in 1804, and still unmarried. There are no offspring living from the other marriages. The *third* was in 1808, to his cousin-german, Maria Ludovica, daughter of the Archduke of Milan, and of the Archduchess Beatrix, the last princess of that house of *Este*, which Ariosto and Tasso have so much celebrated. Early in 1816, he was

Hapsburg-Lotherington, and of Maria Theresa. The mother of Francis was Maria Louisa, daughter of Charles III. of Spain.

bereaved of his third consort, and, in November the same year, he married Caroline Augusta, Princess Royal of Bavaria, born in 1792, and now the dowager empress.

The late emperor's brothers were, *First*, Ferdinand, the late Duke of Tuscany, and father to the present Grand Duke. *Second*. the Archduke Charles, born in 1771, and now a widower: his excellent princess, Henrietta of Nassau-Weilberg, having died in 1829, leaving him issue, 1. Maria Theresa, born in 1816; 2. Albert Frederick, born in 1817; 3. Charles Ferdinand, born in 1818; 4. Frederick, born in 1821; 5. Maria Caroline, born in 1825; and 6. William, born in 1827. *Third*, the Archduke Joseph, who was married three times, and left, by the second marriage, twin children, Herminia Amalia Maria, and Stephen, born in 1817; and by the third wife, Maria Dorothea of Würtemberg, 1. Alexander, born in 1825; 2. Francesca Maria, born in 1831; 3. Joseph Charles, born in 1832. *Fourth*, the Archduke Antony, who died unmarried in 1835. *Fifth*, the Archduke John, born in 1782. *Sixth*, the Archduke Rainer, born in 1783, married in 1820, to Maria, Princess of Savoy-Carignan, by whom he has eight children

living. *Seventh*, Louis, born in 1784. *Eighth*, Rudolph, who was Cardinal and Archbishop of Olmutz, and died in 1831. So that, notwithstanding more than *seventy* of the imperial family of Austria have been carried to the vaults of the Capuchins in less than one century, the present emperor has on his father's side, now living, three married and two unmarried uncles, twenty-one first cousins, besides two sisters and a brother, with several nephews and nieces.

All the members of the imperial family now residing in Austria, chiefly at Vienna, are, including the dowager queen, forty-one in number; yet the civil list, as I shall have hereafter occasion to show you, is remarkably moderate for so large a family and for so rich an empire. Several members of the family have, however, private properties; and there are also some royal domains to be taken into the account.

It is not disputed that this court is the most formal in Europe, unless it be that of Spain until lately, and perhaps that of the *little* Duchy of Weimar, since the accession of the present duke; but, at the same time, no one can deny its being the least ostentatious.

Among themselves, the imperial family live as if they were private citizens. The empress drives out in her chariot with a lady companion, both very plainly, but very neatly attired. The few persons who happen to be promenading at the time, on the terrace of the garden, usually walk quietly up to the *unshowy* palace-door, when they see the imperial carriage drive up, to have a look, within a few feet of one or both of their majesties, who, whatever be the form of the Austrian government, go daily unattended by guards, and neither by day nor by night ever entertain the idea of being injured. The late emperor used almost daily to walk out, sometimes alone, sometimes with the empress, and without any ceremony, among his subjects. In truth, the moral character of the people must undergo an extraordinary revolution, before assassination be the *subterfuge* of reckless vanity, to attain fame, or the crime that will tarnish the national reputation.

The court gaieties are almost limited to a few formal balls and receptions during the carnival; and, for society, the imperial family limit themselves chiefly to the domestic circle of its numerous members, who live with each other in the most affectionate harmony. They are

strictly Catholics in their devotions. The late emperor enjoined this, by precept and by example. If there be but one virtuous court on earth, that court is assuredly to be found at Vienna; and, if the character of a court give at all times a tone to public manners, those of Austria must be considered chaste, unostentatious, unexpensive, and strictly domestic. Travellers have, however, given the society of Vienna a far different character. I shall hereafter endeavour to ascertain with what justice.

The amusements of the imperial family are chiefly riding or walking out, as if they were plain citizens; attending the theatres, where they appear with the same simplicity; and enjoying their domestic comforts and recreations, assembled together during the decline of autumn, winter, and spring, at Vienna; and, in summer, in some degree separated, at Schönbrun, Baden, and the seats of the grand dukes in the country. The princesses are retired in their manners, yet accomplished in all that royal education, in consistence with strictly pious habits, includes.

You now observe the beautiful Archduchess Maria Theresa, with a single female attendant

and one footman, driving down the *Kohlmarkt*, or *Graben*, in a most unpretending open carriage, *to shop*. Walk up to the parapet of the *Volk's-garten* about eleven, and there stands, at the private entrance of the palace, the empress's carriage, waiting to carry her out for a drive, with little more to attract notice. Saunter round, at the same time, to the *Neues Burg Thor*, and pass over the terrace which surmounts it, and then you overlook the most dramatic full tide of human and quadruped existence, flowing in and out between the city and fauxbourgs. Walk on until you pass the *Hof-garten*, and, before you ascend the *Augustiner Bastey*, the chances are that you meet the three sons of the Archduke Charles, probably accompanied by some of their cousins, riding on horseback, on their way to the *Prater*; while it is probable you may, a few moments after, see the archduke himself, in not an overwell made and nearly threadbare plain black suit, walking thoughtfully near the parapet. In summer and autumn you must, however, look for himself and family at the happy valley of St. Helena.

It is a principle, I understand, laid down by the imperial family, to share the calamities of

the people. How far many acts of the government, in regard to the states of the empire, lying beyond the archduchy of Austria, may justify the practice of this principle, would lead me too far at present to examine.

At Vienna, and wherever the court resides, every member of it assiduously promotes public and private benevolence; and, although they usually shun the gayer pleasures, they are, I am told, scarcely ever absent from a charity ball. During the terrible ravages of the cholera in the capital, they resolutely remained there, to submit to the same risk of mortality as the people; and the numerous instances of their benevolence, at that period of calamity, cannot be too highly extolled. How different is the ostentatious charity of the rich in England! How different the sympathies of the Parisians, who fly from the presence of whatever, for a moment, creates the sensation of distress!

The character of stupidity has very generally been attributed to the imperial family. This is another of those common errors, which, by frequent repetition, gain credence even with men, who have no bias for unfavourable ideas of elevated or public persons. In society and conversation, the imperial family are, I readily

admit, not distinguished by that *esprit* which means nothing, yet sheds a brilliancy over the saloons of Paris; but, on the other hand, there is not a stupid person among the more than forty of which the imperial household consists. The present emperor, of whom I shall speak more fully in a future letter, has been frequently accused of dulness and mental incapacity, by those who never saw him, and who knew nothing of him. His delicate frame and quiet habits, and never having been engaged actively in public affairs, probably gave rise to this calumny.

The Archduke Charles is not only one of the most intelligent men, but, in conversation, one of the most agreeable speakers in Europe. As a writer and a man of science, not even his enemy can deny him merit. If he was as a commander of armies finally overcome by those of France, and disconcerted by a new mode of warfare, other causes, not his want of military skill and bravery, were those which occasioned his discomfiture. As a husband, father, and man, perhaps no character has been less shaded by the infirmities of humanity, or more entitled to admiration.

The Archduke John is also a distinguished

man of science; especially as a mineralogist and agriculturist. He is, at the same time, the beloved of all around him, in his favourite country, Styria. Civil life is his peculiar and natural sphere: the folly of placing him in high military command, without military experience or skill, was fully exhibited by the blunders which flooded with blood the field of Aspern.

The other brothers and the younger branches, although the nature of the government, and the absence of popular representation, prevent all men, unless it be the prime-minister, appearing in any very shining light, are each of them intelligent, and engaged in some public or private pursuit. But they make no noise; and the newspapers are neither authorized to flatter nor to blame them.

The court of Vienna certainly wants that splendour which is termed the brilliancy of royalty, and which, in plain truth, generally means debauchery and extravagance, disguised under the glare of magnificent display. Those courtly morals, styled gallantry—the *cocuage* and *concubinage* of the French courts, from the days of Francis the First, down to the first revolution, and which disgraced that of England at a much more recent period than the reign of our pro-

fligate Charles, must henceforth be obliterated from the abodes of royalty. Laying aside the gross immorality, we do not yet forget what those extravagances have cost the people of England; nor are we persuaded that they are not, in all countries, directly opposed to good government. Yet it is not pleasant for courts to be told so. When Victor Hugo produced his drama of *Le Roi s'amuse*, in which Francis the First, that voluptuous *Buccaneer*, who made all beauty and virtue subservient to his sensuality, was exhibited, not more licentiously than history authenticates, that squeamish moralist, M. Thiers, or some one of his colleagues, prohibited its being represented, after its first appearance, on account of its *alleged* immorality. All the world knew how frivolous this charge was, but they knew also, that it was a drama which made us disgusted with the enormities of courts and of a debased aristocracy.

If ever adversity, or political misgovernment, should cause the downfal of the imperial family of Austria, it will be to them a supreme consolation, that neither immorality, arrogance, nor the extravagance of their court, have had any share in causing their misfortunes.

LETTER XI.

THE LATE EMPEROR.

THE reign of Francis the Second, embraced the most turbulent and the most tranquil age in the history of Europe.

Little of his real character,—of his intellectual strength or weakness has been made known. Bonaparte, after his marriage with the archduchess, said to Talleyrand in her hearing, "that as for the *vieux ganache*, his *beau-père*, he could be made to comply with any project, which he, Napoleon, might entertain." Maria Louisa did not understand the epithet, and instead of referring to a dictionary, applied to Talleyrand, who said it meant an *old sage*.

There was more truth than the *habile* states-

man meant in his dexterous and flattering translation of what literally meant an *old simpleton.*

In 1792, when Francis succeeded his father, Leopold, in his hereditary dominions, and soon after by election, to the imperial diadem, the French revolution had not yet attained the *acmé* of its unparalleled atrocities; but at the same time not only the German states, but nearly all Europe were predisposed to advocate the principles of liberty, first promulgated by the French politicians.

The brilliant success of the American revolution, had dazzled the most sanguine; and the wise system of government adopted in, and so peculiarly adapted to the people, and to the natural condition of the Anglo-American republic, had satisfied all the rational and prudent, unless it were those who possessed hereditary personal rank and special privileges.

Liberty, in truth, is so clearly the undeniable birthright of mankind—so evidently the natural free gift of Heaven, that, not only all who have never known its blessings, but even those who have scarcely a hope ever to enjoy its possession, will, when the sacred principles of freedom are once advocated by a people, earnestly pray for the success of those who

have the courage to assert this common right of all men.

The very idea of public freedom, is so endearing to the human bosom, that wherever a people solemnly and with fearless determination, as the Americans did, take up arms either to defend or to recover their rights, they are certain of the open applause of all who dare express it, and the secret approbation of those by whom its avowal is suppressed by arbitrary power.

Combating with honest patriotism for freedom, men are the champions of mankind, fighting for the universal benefit of society. The predilections of all who behold the strife, are engaged in their behalf; and tyrants with their supporters become objects of scorn and hatred.

The Americans declared "that when in the course of human events, it became necessary for one people to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitled them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind, required that they should declare the causes which led to their separation.

"That they held these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created *equal*—that they are endowed by the *Creator with certain unalienable rights* *—that among these are *life, liberty*, and the *pursuit of happiness*—that to secure these rights, *governments* are instituted among men, *deriving their powers* from the consent of *the governed*—that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to *alter*, or to *abolish it*, and to institute a new government laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its power in such forms as to them shall seem most likely to secure their safety and happiness."

The Americans carried into wise execution, the determination thus so rationally and so intrepidly declared. The orgies and butcheries of the French revolutionists, were celebrated and perpetuated in the name of liberty and reason. Horrible profanation! Had the *visionaries* of revolution been confined to France, fortunate would it have been for the rest of Europe; but

* The unfortunate Blacks are, however, denied the benefit of these blessings, and the exclusion forms a curse, which, if continued, will assuredly blast the American constitution and break up the Union.

the Parisian philosophers and their servile imitators (at the head of whom was the unnational freethinker of *Sans-Souci*, surrounded by his Gallic adulators*) had created in Europe the habit of scoffing at religion, and a general impression of the superstitious evils of Christianity. Frederick, although in government a despot was, after Voltaire, the very prince of those men, who persuaded themselves, and endeavoured to convince the world that all social evils and religious absurdities sprang from Christianity alone, without ever seeming to consider that the passion for power and wealth in the strong and crafty, and the fears and superstitions of the weak and ignorant, were the causes to which the evils they denounced and ridiculed were to be attributed; and which might be based with equal results upon the Hindoo, Hebrew, Mohammedan, or on any other religion, having in its organization, that

* While Frederick, at his palace of Sans-Souci, admitted (with the exception of a few favourite officers) only d'Argens, Beaumelle, La Mettrière, the Abbé de Prades, d'Alembert, Mapertuis, and (until they quarrelled so unphilosophically) Voltaire, the great philosophers of Prussia, Kant and Mendelssohn, were unnoticed by Frederick.

most awful auxiliary and support of tyranny, priestly government and power.

To these opinions of religion, the speculative politicians added, that all our administrative abuses and the consequent evils which harassed society, were to be attributed to established governments: this was not to be easily disputed; although those who held the power of ruling states were more to be condemned than the particular forms of government. To destroy Christianity, and the existing systems of nations, was, therefore, the expedient proposed as the only *panacea* to heal all social maladies.

The internal jealousies of the respective princes of Germany, which at all times enfeebled a power, that if united, would have been the most potent in Europe, were unhappily not extinguished when the insolent and foolhardy proclamation of the Duke of Brunswick was published. Austria and Prussia were each equally ambitious of Germanic ascendancy; the former to maintain, the latter to acquire it. Prussia is accused of having encouraged the fanaticism which worshipped the French revolution—with professing to lead the regeneration of Europe—with the king having courted the *illuminati*—and especially with

making a separate peace with France, and with having urged the states of northern Germany into a mutual confederation, which left Austria, with ruined finances, enfeebled to less than half her material strength, open to the furious and reckless force of all France. If it were the ambitious purpose of Prussia to crush Austria, and to secure the imperial diadem to the house of Brandenburg, she was terribly punished, not by her rival, but by the power whom she most served, for the rash assumption which afterwards drew upon her the vengeance of the modern *Attila*.

Bavaria, directed in her councils by a crafty foreign minister, joined Napoleon, and turned her arms, with those of France, against Austria, —now doomed to be immolated to the revengeful ambition of the Corsican warrior.

Francis had little more than ascended the throne of his father, when the fairest princess of his family was, to glut the ferocity of monsters, sacrificed on a Parisian scaffold;—soon after he had to endure calamities still more galling to his heart, accompanied with disasters, the most terrible and oppressive to his people. The undaunted bravery of the Austrian armies gave way only as they were cut down, by those

who fought, like the "furious Huns" and "fiery Franks," in days of yore, not for liberty, but for plunder, rapine, and conquest.*

Napoleon occupied the palace of Schönbrun; —his soldiers Vienna;—and Francis was forced to accept an humiliating peace from the conqueror. The bold effort made afterwards by the Austrians and Tyrolese, to render their country independent of France, was equally disastrous, and the carnage of several battles, opened the way a second time to Vienna, where another peace, mortifying to Austria, was concluded;† and from whence, a few months afterwards, the emperor's beloved daughter left him in sorrow to become the unwilling *political consort* (*wife* she could not be, while Josephine lived) of Napoleon.

This, to her parents, was a grievous *prostitution*: for the time it saved, and secured tran-

* In one of the letters in the second volume, there are statements which I think will prove that the *anti-commercial system* of Austria, from its ruinous effect upon her revenue, has chiefly contributed to her disasters.

† It must not be forgotten, that Andrew Hofer was at the same time left by Austria to the Caligula mercy of Bonaparte, although a small pension was afterwards accorded by Francis to the family of the intrepid patriot of Tyrol.

quillity to Austria; while it further inflated the long-swollen vanity and arrogance of the French emperor, whose head, long before giddy with power, was completely turned by this ambitious alliance, and whose pride so frequently delighted to repeat the words, "*mon beau-père*," instead of the Emperor of Austria, when alluding to Francis.

The downfal of Napoleon and the superior abilities of Prince Metternich at the congress of Vienna, restored Francis to more than former power; and for the last twenty years of his life no private gentleman need have been less disturbed in his tranquillity. The able and celebrated prime minister of his empire, of whom I shall have the opportunity to speak hereafter, had all along relieved him of the labour, not the direction, of governing; but Francis was, however, not an idle man, although he appeared to be so.

If Frederick the Second patronized, and associated only with philosophers and military favourites, hated women, and acted with much less than bare justice to his *roturier* subjects, Francis the Second, of Austria, shuddered at the name of Philosophy, and would sooner have admitted the devil into his society than Voltaire.

He restored to some extent a few of the monasteries, suppressed by Joseph II. and paid great deference, but gave little power, to the priests. He went at regular hours to hear mass, said his prayers, confessed his sins, and religiously gave the precedence to the pope's nuncio over all ambassadors. Francis was fond of the society of women, yet faithful to the marriage-bed. He loved his *obedient* people, and delighted to see them. He gave all classes a free audience twice a week;—he attended to their petitions without distinction of persons;—and he was fond, to the extreme of vanity, and perhaps it was his only vanity, of believing himself implicitly considered by them as their father, and in believing them, especially the Austrians, as children who enjoyed his most parental affection. Certainly no monarch was ever more loved than he was by his German subjects, who daily repeat anecdotes of the goodness of VATER FRANZ.

During the cholera, the emperor when walking, accompanied by an aide-de-camp, near Schönbrun, met a bier carrying a body to the cemetery, but not followed by any one. The emperor asked "why the corpse was abandoned?"—"It is probably that of some poor friendless person," replied the aide-de-camp.

"Well, then," said the emperor, "it is our duty to accompany it to the grave." So saying, the emperor took off his hat, placed his arm within that of his aide-de-camp, and both, uncovered, followed the coffin to the cemetery, where Francis himself threw the first spadeful of dust over the body. "This," say the Viennese, with a thousand others which they tell of him, "show how sensible our good *Vater Kaizer Franz* was of human equality."*

The French considered Francis *comme une sorte de roi fainéant*, and the English may have also to some extent taken this opinion upon *Gallic trust;* but I have said that the late emperor was not an idle prince. No, Francis was laborious, active, and vigilant. He understood not only all the languages, but all the dialects of his empire. He rose early, and often worked twelve hours a day. One of the living German poets, whose name I forget, says of him—

* When he opened that magnificent promenade near the *Prater*, the *au-garten*, to the public, a noble lady said to him, "Emperor, I can no longer walk among my equals in rank."—"If I were confined to my equals in rank," replied Francis, "I must take my daily walks in the vaults of the Capuchins, but I prefer the *Prater* and *au-garten*, among my people."

Es blickt zu die das Volk mit treuem Herzen:
Die aber kennst dein volk, wie Keiner wohl;
Du littest mit, als es in Drang und Schmerzen
Erkämpft des Friedens heiliges symbol.
Du betetest, als es die Feyerkerzen
Entziendete dem kühn errung' nen Wohl:
Du freutest Dich, da seine frohe Menge
Zum väterlichen Herrscher im Gedrange
Hinwogte als zu seinem Gnadenpol.

He had visited, during his adversity, most parts of the empire, and was frequently present with the army during the war; but, for the last twenty years of his life, he resided constantly at Vienna, with the exception of spending the summer months at the delicious watering-place of Baden, situated at the foot of the Rhætian Alps, about sixteen English miles from the capital. His manners and usual dress were remarkably plain. He looked, with his thin face, rather spare person, Hessian boots, black suit, and powdered hair, not unlike a studious country gentleman of the old school, especially while walking unattended at Baden or Schönbrun.

Francis had known adversity in such humiliating aspects, that he was too fully schooled into prudence, to have become highly elated with the good fortune of his latter days. Na-

poleon having ordered a triumphal arch to be erected, to commemorate his triumphs, at Milan, directed also the bas-reliefs which were to ornament its sides. On one of these, the Emperor Francis was to be represented, in a subdued position, accepting peace from Napoleon. The arch had scarcely risen above the earth, before the conqueror fell from his giddy eminence; but the materials being on the ground, and the workmen employed, Francis directed the design to be completed, with the bas-reliefs, as ordered by Napoleon. In order, however, to preserve the truth of history, Francis is represented near those which exhibit his adversity, entering Vienna in triumph after the defeat of Napoleon.

To all who approached the late emperor, he spoke with what is termed *bonhommie*, by the French; and to all he was equally unaffected in his demeanour. With ordinary plain sense, with ample talents for ruling a submissive nation,—fond of peace, and dreading whatever might disturb the tranquillity of the empire, or create any change in the actual state of the people, or in the existing administration, he was evidently not gifted with that sagacity, that political wisdom, or that strong judgment, which form

the first order of powerful minds. If he had, the affecting tale of Silvio Pellico would never have appeared, to prove that the humanity of Francis II. was only obliterated by his fears. If others, even the members of his own family, had in any way acquired popularity, it drove him mad. He, alone, would monopolize its possession. He loved *accepted* truths, which were often *fallacies*, and which he styled *historical rights*; dreaded doubts, either in respect to the established government, or to the established religion. The very mention of representative governments terrified him. When he visited Milan, among others, an eminent professor was introduced to him, who was considered to have made some important discoveries in the *constitution* of the atmosphere. Startled by the word, Francis exclaimed, "Constituzione! Constituzione! ah! e quella parola che ci ha fatto tanto male!" Constitution! Constitution! that word has subjected us to many evils!

When the deputies of Hungary were presented to him at Laybach. "In your pursuit after ideal constitutions," said the emperor, "Totus mundus stultizzat."

Francis, with all his amiable personal quali-

ties, did not belong, as an administrator, to the character of the age. Politically speaking, he ought to have *died,* before his grandmother, Maria Theresa, was *born.*

The tempest of the first French revolution laid his judgment prostrate at the moment he ascended the throne; and, from that day until the hour he signed his last superstitious will,* the dreaded evils of innovation influenced all his conclusions and all his actions.

The last French revolution drove him to utter despair.—"Alles ist vertoren! Alles ist vertoren!"† he exclaimed, in the bitterness of his political despondency.

After the reforming impulse given the empire by Joseph II., posterity may with reason curse their ancestors for submitting to the *retrograding* rule of a *self-willed despotic emperor,* in the person of a simple-mannered, and benevolent *man.*

* Which directs large sums of money to the purpose of re-establishing the Jesuits.

† "All is lost! all is lost!"

LETTER XII.

THE PRESENT EMPEROR.

I HAVE already spoken of the present emperor, and that, as hereditary prince, he was but little associated with public affairs.

The manufacturing industry of the empire seems to have engaged his attention at that period; and, unless he has examined the subject on sound principles, I should fear that a predilection may have consequently been formed to maintain home fabrics at the expense of the general national wealth.

The object of his labours has been the formation of a museum of national productions and manufactures; that is, the collecting and arranging specimens, *first*, of raw materials from the three kingdoms of nature; *second*, of

manufacturing industry; and, *third*, of machines and models. Having devoted his time to this very industrious and useful, but not very difficult task, those employed have succeeded in forming the most interesting collection imaginable.*

Before his accession, it was supposed that his ideas of government were decidedly liberal; —that he disliked his father's prime minister too much for the latter to remain in power. The letter, written immediately after the death of Francis, by his successor(?), to Prince Metternich, at once disproved the supposition, that Ferdinand would depart willingly from the existing order of managing public affairs.

He is not by nature, especially in temperament and manner, formed to be so much loved by his people as Francis was: but this may not arise from the absence of equal good-will; all his subjects, without exception, have, *individually*, access to the emperor on certain fixed days. *Deputations* are, however, placed on a very different footing:—that lately from Hungary was not received; and a determination not to countenance deputations, in any form, appears to be resolved upon. Even Prince

* See note C.

Palfy is said to have been instrumental in preventing the reception of the Hungarian deputies, although that prince has hitherto been, if we may use the word, *popular* in his country, Hungary. Under the reign of *Francis*, *popularity* was more than sufficient to annihilate the *rank* and *fortune* of the man who had acquired such *distinction*.

From what I have since observed in that kingdom, I may state, that whoever prevented the emperor from receiving those deputies, led him into a most impolitic imprudence. Hungary on the one side, and Italy on the other, are threatening to develop aspects, which *contumely*, especially towards the former, must only the more quickly ripen; and which the defective revenue of the empire, and the formidable strength of North Germany, consolidated as it is by the union of mutual interests through a commercial league, might render dangerously inconvenient to the authority of Ferdinand.

After Prince Metternich, Count Kollowrat and Prince Palfy may be considered as the most powerful personages connected with the government. The count is the most decidedly liberal, and in consequence of the emperor having,

while in Bohemia, changed his decree, which made reductions in the imperial tariff,* previously agreed to and published, Count Kollewrat resigned, but has as yet been prevailed upon to retain office; although, it is said, that no consideration will induce him to countenance the return of the Jesuits, which is talked of, nor any but a more liberal system of commerce. The latter appears to me inevitable, whether the emperor be opposed to it or not; and the former would be indeed retrograding in the face of that intelligence, which, in spite of resistance, is overflowing the world.

The present emperor has reigned far too short a period to determine his character, or his policy as a ruler; and no important measure justifies the conclusion that he will greatly change the existing order of administration. He is personally disposed to lead the tranquil life he has been habituated to; and, whatever changes may take place during his reign, must, I am convinced, be the result of necessity and circumstances, and not the consequence of any desire to disturb the actual *statu-quo* of power by a more liberal form of government.

* This will be found explained fully in vol. ii.

LETTER XIII.

SOCIETY OF THE CAPITAL.

THE state of *national society*, although so important to the happiness and delight of those who compose it, or who are admitted to it, is seldom characterized in the descriptions of travellers, with a fidelity that enables us to recognise its features.

Madame de Staël observes, "Germany is an *aristocratic* federation. The empire has no common centre of learning and public spirit. It forms no compact nation. This division of Germany—so fatal to its political force, is, at the same time, favourable to all that can excite genius and imagination. But, as there exists no capital in which the good company of all Germany can assemble, the spirit of society

exercises therein but feeble power. There the empire of taste, and the shafts of ridicule, are without influence."

In North Germany, it is true, there *is* no great capital where all meet at particular seasons of the year. Berlin, although the metropolis of a kingdom, with a population of fourteen millions, having less of what the French consider the *esprit de société* than Munich; which, excepting Vienna, is by far the most gay and *spirituel* of the German capitals.

"The empire of taste, and the shafts of ridicule," *have*, however, their influence; and the Germans are keenly alive to any ridicule directed against them, because, of all people in the world, they deserve it the least; although their unpresuming manners, sincerity of intention, and fidelity of character, expose them as much as the English to the ridicule of the French nation.

VIENNA is, at once the metropolis of a great empire, and the fashionable rendezvous of all who can afford to resort to the metropolis for at least six months in the year; that is, from December to June. If the citizens enjoy their summer *fêtes Champêtres*, and their winter balls and theatricals, the nobility are not regardless

of the pleasures which attract them to one common point of union. It is amidst the gaieties of Vienna, if any where, that the lords of Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, and Lombardo-Venetia, mingle,—forgetful of the jealousies which they cherish in their respective castles, and in their particular states.

There is certainly far more formality in the society of Vienna, than in that of Paris. It has more affinity to that of the titled aristocracy and aristocratic commoners of England. It is at least equally exclusive. It has less sensibility, and more ease than that of the north; it has also less recourse to the intellectual, and more to the material gratifications. With us, the belief in its deep sensual immorality, has been entertained. I am disposed to believe it quite as *pure* as that of London, Paris, or St. Petersburg. Were there no other evidence of this, the affectionate tenderness with which mothers of all classes rear their children, would form a refutation of the general accusation.

No late traveller seems to have given attention to the subject, or, perhaps has not had the opportunity of doing so. Foreigners must reside much longer than travellers usually do in a country, to judge of its virtues and vices.

We must, at least understand the language of the people, the habits of their lives, and be familiarized within their doors, before we pronounce on their defects or their excellences. Having a fair acquaintance with all these, I give my opinion with diffidence. An author of vivacious descriptive powers, Mr. Russel, who does not appear to have been either much in Viennese society, or to have lived more than a few weeks in this capital, takes upon himself to delineate the character of its inhabitants, as it stood fifteen years ago: its real features, I am assured, have not greatly changed since. His remarks have been usually quoted as an authority. To me, his picture bears no resemblance to the original. In alluding to the balls of the people, he remarks,

"Many of these dancing-halls are institutions, for infamous purposes. They belong to private proprietors, who are always innkeepers. On the evening of every Sunday, and generally of every great religious festival, when every body is idle and seeking amusement, these congregations are opened in the suburbs as well as in the city. The balls given in them are, more or less, merely a pretext for bringing worthless persons together. The price of ad-

mission is extremely low, for the scoundrelly landlord speculates on the consumption of wine and eatables during the evening. In more cases than one, the object is so little concealed, that females are admitted gratis; and the hand-bill, which fixes the price of admission for gentlemen at fourpence or sixpence, adds, with a very appropriate equivoque, '*Das Frauenzimmer ist frey.*' It is thus that these institutions, by furnishing opportunity, and inflaming the passions at so cheap a rate, diffuse the poison of licentiousness among the males of the middle and lower orders. As to the ladies, again, those who aspire at being sought, instead of seeking, those who consider themselves as forming the aristocracy of their own community, and the Corinthian capital of prostitution, carefully avoid all such intercourse with their more vulgar sisters. In this they show a wiser feeling of dignity and reserve than their betters." He, however, admits that, "In external behaviour, these lost creatures are, perhaps, the most decent in Europe. You run no risk of being even addressed, much less of being attacked, with the gross depravity of Covent-garden or the Palais Royal."

In speaking of the higher classes, Mr. Rus-

sel's accusations, although so frequently referred to, are absolutely unjust, and in truth no more applicable to Vienna, than to the West-end of London. In comparing the wives and daughters of the citizens with those of the aristocracy, he observes,

"How do the rest of the ladies, then, behave at Vienna? Really, generally speaking, not much better. There cannot be a more dissolute city, one where female virtue is less prized, and, therefore, less frequent. A total want of principle, the love of pleasure, and the love of finery, are so universally diffused, that wives and daughters, in not only what we should call comfortable, but even affluent circumstances, do not shrink from increasing the means of their extravagance by forgetting their duty. They sacrifice themselves, not so much from inclination, as from interest. You will probably find in Naples or Rome as many faithless wives, who are so, from a temporary and variable liking, as in Vienna; but you will not find so many who throw away their honour from the love of gain. The advantage seems to be on the side of the Italian. Worthless as both are, even a passing liking is something less degrading, than the mere infamous calculation

of pounds shillings and pence, without even the excuse of poverty. The girls of the lower classes grow up to licentiousness; the rage for dress and luxury is no less strong among them than among their superiors; and though it certainly looks like a harsh judgment, it is not too much to say, as a general truth, that, from the time they are capable of feeling this love of show and easy living, they consider their persons as the fund that is to supply the means of its gratification. It is not seduction; it is just a matter of sale; nor are mothers ashamed to be the brokers of their daughters. There is no want of purchasers. The most famous, or rather infamous, is Prince K——. He is said to possess a gallery of purchased beauties, that might stand by the side of an Eastern seraglio. This was not enough: the infantine years of some of his victims produced frightful charges against him. An incensed father, disregarding the danger of accusing a powerful man, complained directly to the emperor. The emperor instantly ordered Prince K—— to be imprisoned, and proceeded against criminally. He had been in prison nearly two months when I left Vienna, and the inquiry was not yet finished. The Viennese, however, though a little as-

tounded at the uncommon idea of a high nobleman being actually imprisoned for crimes not political, soon recovered their senses; and every body believed his punishment would be a prohibition to appear at court, and an order to reside for a while on his estates in the country.

"The quantity of licentiousness is commonly smallest in the middle class of a people. It is not so in Vienna, at least among the men. To hear the *nonchalance* with which a party of respectable merchants or shopkeepers speak of their amours, you would think them dissolute bachelors; yet they are husbands and fathers, and, provided all circumstances of public scandal be avoided, it never enters their heads that their conduct has any thing improper in it. Every one, male and female, bears most christianly with every other. All this leads to a strange mixture of society, particularly on public occasions. In a Baden assembly-room, it is nothing uncommon to see worthless women elbowing the archduchesses of Austria. Here walks the empress, and there a couple of genteel frail ones from Vienna. It is perfectly true, that it is a ball-room, and the tickets cost only eighteen pence; and, as

worthy women say, how can we prevent them from coming, when they pay their money? But thither virtuous women do go, knowing perfectly well, beforehand, the sort of society with which they will infallibly be mixed up. The gentlemen do not seem to lay themselves under much restraint. I have seen noblemen in the presence of the court, flutter for a while round the more distinguished of these creatures, and then return to flutter round the maids of honour. It is in vain that their imperial majesties are spotless in their life and conversation, it does not go beyond themselves; the public mind is vitiated through and through; they are surrounded by a mass of corruption, much too dense to be penetrated by the light of any single example. A wealthy foreigner, generally resident in Vienna, the companion of princes and ministers, used to drive his mistress into the Prater before the admiring and envious eyes of all the world. The girl had, what in this country would be called, the impudence to invite most of the ministers and *corps diplomatique* to a ball; and they had, what in this country would be called, the forgetfulness of character to go. Prince Metternich being asked by a foreign minister whether

he intended to go, archly answered, "Why, I should rather like to see the thing; but, you know, it might hurt one's character here!"* When it was proposed to Joseph II. to build licensed brothels, the emperor said, 'The walls would cost me nothing, but the expense of roofing would be ruinous, for it would just be necessary to put a roof over the whole city.' The hospitals and private sick-rooms of Vienna teem with proofs how mercifully Providence acted, when it placed the quicksilver mines of Idria in a province destined to form part of an empire of which Vienna was to be the capital."†

Had not the foregoing remarks been so often referred to even by our geographers, I would not have alluded to them; not even for the purpose of declaring my belief in their utter incorrectness in regard to Vienna: further than that there can be doubt that vice and intrigue

* Whoever fabricated the reply, never heard Prince Metternich speak, and knew nothing of his character. He is the last person on earth who would have made so foolish a remark.

† Unhappily the hospital returns of London and Liverpool compared with those of Vienna, prove how much more necessary, the *mines* quoted, are to the former than to the latter.

prevails in Vienna much in the same proportion as in all large capitals, but at the same time among the lower classes without the decencies of life, at least, being despised. While among the higher ranks in Vienna, as well as in every other capital in Europe, it is scarcely possible, even for the most refined *latitudinarian*, to forget the respect paid to virtue, and, at the same time maintain his place in society.

A *puritan* will assuredly draw a different character of a people to that which an unbiassed charitable Christian would picture. The disciples of the *Sabbath bill framer*, would say the people were moral if they were prohibited any enjoyment on Sunday, if all the city were closed in gloom, and if all the inhabitants were compelled to go to church either to offer up their devotions in sincerity, as it might happen, or to act the hypocritical farce of compulsory deception. At all events, if the people were, during Sunday, bound to listen three times a day to a long, sour, and cheerless sermon, although with much the same heart as convicts in France and Germany perform from day to day the labour to which they are sentenced as a punishment for their crimes. So, exactly, with

the *puritans* of England and Scotland—punish the people for the crimes they committed before they were born! Let them never be joyful! forms the tenour of those sombre, melancholy bearers of *not* the glad tidings of salvation.

The charitable Christian and philosopher, who entertains the more sublime ideas of *religious duty*, is delighted on the other hand, in beholding man, like the singing birds on a beautiful May morning, happy in cheerful gratitude for the blessings shed over the universe by its Almighty Creator.

In no city do the people attend more punctually on Sunday to their devotions than at Vienna. Be their creed *right* or *wrong*, I am persuaded there is no more hypocrisy in their attendance in the morning at church, than there is in their enjoyment of the theatre, ball, or opera in the evening.

Society in Vienna differs again from that of the capitals of the several states of the empire. It differs from that of Linz, the capital of Austria, which is more substantially Saxon; from that of Milan, which is again the subdued Italian; from that of Inspruck, which still

presents the hardihood of mountaineer character; from that of Salzburg, which the ecclesitics* (not certainly headed by the present archbishop) have made a sort of German Salisbury; from that of Prague, to which the Bohemian aristocracy have imparted a kind of Sclavonic *abrutissement*; from that of Venice, to which still clings the shreds of its *Gondola oligarchy*; from that of Trieste, which exhibits the *brusquerie* of modern trade; to that of Gratz, which forms a sort of *Styrian Exeter*, to that of Brün, which is pervaded by Moravian simplicity; and, finally, from the society of Pesth or Buda, in which the frank, bold, hospitable, baronial feudality, loudly and fearlessly proclaiming its opinions,—regardless of Austrian authority, declares *itself* the *spirit* of liberty, while it holds ten-elevenths of the whole population in bondage.

The essence of these varied states of society centralize in Vienna. There all meet, but as

* The present Archbishop of Salzburg, is the most high right reverend father in God, Prince Friederich John Schwartzenburg, born in 1809, and now twenty-seven years old. I have heard the ladies say, that he is the most captivating man in all Austria.

yet do not melt into one common character. They harmonize, it is true, because all who come to Vienna, come to be happy—to agree, not to quarrel with the order of things.

LETTER XIV.

THE ARISTOCRACY.

In this empire the aristocracy, not having legislative or other hereditary privileges, except under an indirect form in Hungary, and under the feudal *descents* of Bohemia, depend entirely on their *titles*, and the *majorats* they establish to preserve their *caste* in society, and their *power* in the country. Before the law, an Austrian nobleman has no advantage whatever over the shepherd who tends his flocks, or over the shopkeeper, of whom the princess or countess buys her Merino dress or Thibet shawl.

The aristocratic pride, the frozen etiquette of the Austrian nobility, has been severely attacked, especially by the French. This accu-

sation is unjust, but not altogether untrue. The nobility of the empire, as I have observed of society in a former letter, differ very much from each other. The Austrian nobles are, in fact, remarkably simple, and quietly polite in their manners, while they are, at the same time, nearly destitute, in their bearing, of that warmth of reception which distinguish the far more proud Hungarians. One cause, which the authoress of Corinne,—she who herself shone with such splendour in her conversational circles, remarked nearly thirty years ago, holds, I fear, too *heritably* true, at the present hour.

"The principal disadvantage of society at Vienna, arises from the nobles and men of letters not mingling together. The result of this separation of classes, is, that the men of letters are deficient in the graces of society, and the men of the world want ideas." How different in Paris!

The apartments next to those we occupy in our hotel, are, at the present moment, in the possession of the highly gifted Berryer, who has just arrived at Vienna from visiting Charles the Tenth. Berryer, to whose political ideas, I certainly do not subscribe, is one of the most agreeable, and I believe, conscientious, men in Europe. He owes every thing to his genius.

In Paris he is the delight of all in the society with which he mingles, and never was there a man more free from the small passions. When I last met him in Paris, it was at one of the delectable *soirées* of the widow of the man whom Corinne adored—at the house of Madame Benjamin Constant.

Here were many of the most charming and *spirituelle* ladies of France and foreign countries. Here was Berryer, the *legitimist;* he, who, not long before, said to Thiers, on the latter observing, when leaving the chamber of deputies for the *Tuileries*, with such members as were desirous to congratulate the citizen king on the suppression of the *émeutes* of April, and on passing the law against associations,—"M. Berryer, you do not accompany us?"—"No, I am writing Charles the Tenth that his ordinances are being executed." There was also, on the same *canapé* with M. Berryer, General Excelmans, that Bonapartist peer of France, who, on occasion of the memorable trial against the editor of the Tribune, rose and echoed the climax of accusation made against the peers in their capacity of judges, by Armand Carrell,—"The death of Marshal Ney was a judicial assassination!" Not far from them

sat the philosopher La Mennais,—he who, for writing, "The Words of a Believer," was excommunicated by the pope. Besides these, there were many peers and deputies, professors of the university, members of the institute,—Lerminier, the professor of law, and Alexander Dumas, the dramatist. Beranger would have been there also, but he had not returned from his hermitage at Fontainebleau. Then there were the Lafayettes, the Lasteries, and Odillon Barrot,—in *juxtaposition* with Louis-Philippists, and the most *distingué* Carlists; Biernacki, the banished finance minister of Poland, and General Pepé, who headed the revolution of Naples; some distinguished Russians, and a few talented American citizens; also some English, and some Germans.

Conversation, the most animated, the most agreeable, enlivened and entertained all;—that conversation which never fatigues, that *bears* and *forbears* with all its *piquancy*;—that conversation, the want of which would drive a Frenchman to despair;—in which "a manner of acting one upon the other,—of pleasing reciprocally, and with rapidity,—of speaking when we think,—of enjoying at the moment,—of receiving applause without labour,—of showing

its spirit in all the graceful varieties of accent, gesture, regard,—of producing at will the electric sparks which kindle our attention, and awaken the apathy of others."

It is these re-unions, the least expensive, and the most delightful, that impart to Paris that enchantment which renders it more agreeable than any other metropolis in the world. In other capitals, there is still a cumbrous *nightmare* of formal observance, which smothers the ease of social intercourse. Among the best company in London—among the well-bred middle class, as well as the aristocracy, we are gradually throwing off this oppression.

In Vienna, and more so in other German cities, there is still observed much of that withering formality,—the measured *politeness* of the old German courts and castles, which prevents, even those of the first class, being happy, or being perfectly at well-bred ease on their first meeting with each other. But there are exceptions—there are men of the world, who have long since thrown aside the *coat-of-mail* manners of the old German courts. There are also ladies, but to those I shall devote a separate letter, who, with the purest excellence of heart, have also

those charming graces, which dazzle us far less at first sight, than they attract love, and command admiration in society.

The aristocracy of Austria and the Imperial States, are many of them possessed of great wealth. Their property has been *conserved* in the family by *descent*, and by the formation of *majorats:* but the younger branches are too numerous to be provided for, otherwise than by employment in the army, the church, and the civil administrations. The church, and the monastic institutions, must certainly be considered as specially maintained for the support of poor noblemen.

LETTER XV.

THE WOMEN.

THE WOMEN, or, if you please, the *ladies* of Austria, have charms and virtues of which the transient observer, who only views them on the surface of society, as on the Prater, or at the theatre, will form but an imperfect opinion.

The Viennese ladies have great claims to personal beauty; but its style is exceedingly varied. Those of German or Saxon race, who may be said to predominate in society, are easily distinguished by their clear, transparent, fresh complexions, in which the lovely rose-colour advances and retires, amidst the pure lily-white, —with the quick pulsations of their exquisite sensibilities,—by their fair hair,—rather timid manner,—their tender voices,—and the elegance

of their quiet air, joined to a high feeling of aristocratic and ancestral pride. It is this last absurdity, alone, that clouds their charms—that freezes the approach towards their society—that makes us entertain the idea at first sight of their hearts being cold—their sensibilities torpid. This character is believed, but it is fallacious. The Austrian ladies have assuredly warm feelings, and excellent hearts. Those of Linz are especially celebrated for their beauty; and those of Vienna have little to complain against nature's distributions. The Hungarian ladies, who either reside at Vienna, or who visit it during the season, are of a different style of beauty. They, also, are fair—often with dark blue eyes, and dark brown hair. Among them, few are as low in stature as the middle size. They may, indeed, properly be styled magnificent, or gorgeous beauties. They have nothing of the delicate, pale, nervous, hysterical *die-away* appearance in their forms. They are sprightly, and in conversation more animated than the ladies of German race. The Bohemian ladies, again, are often dark, or beautiful brunettes, chiefly of Sclavonic race, yet frequently with the finest gipsy-like countenances in the world. They are vivacious, fascinating, and not so

scrupulous as the Germanic families in throwing aside that formality which enchains society. The ladies from Milan and Venetia, display all the warmth and beauty of their sunny skies.

In mingling together at Vienna, the manners and forms of the capital, however, prevail. Foreigners complain of the difficulty of feeling at ease in the society of Vienna, from the difficulty of conversing with the ladies, and from the deference paid to noble rank. This is, however, more remarkable in manner than in reality. There are many exceptions to the restraint complained of; and I have found myself, especially at the Princess Metternich's weekly *soirées* (the most general resort of the *corps diplomatique*), quite as unshackled by formality among the Viennese ladies of rank, as I have among the Parisians, at the Duke de Broglie's, or at Lady Granville's.

The Princess Metternich possesses very charming powers of address, and has eminent skill in the art of pleasing. She has always something appropriate to say. It is true she worships high Tory ideas, and believes that we are all moving on to destruction in England. In half *badinage*, the other evening, she said, on

my alluding accidentally to public affairs, and to our government, "Ah! votre gouvernement! votre parlement! Ils detruisent tout!"

On my replying, "J'espère que non! Je suis persuadé que chez nous on respectera tous qu'est digne de respecte. Ah! si *vous* espère c'est quelque chose! C'est quelque chose, si *vous* espère!"

The princess turned round to *badiner* with Prince Altieri, the pope's nuncio, then to the Turkish ambassador, and then to the Count de St. Aulaire. The Countess de St. Aulaire observed, "How *charmingly* the princess complimented you, by laying the emphasis so strongly on the *vous!*" Conversation then became general; or rather it was carried on in *tête-à-tête*, or in groups of three or four. The ladies were disposed, or rather they *reposed* themselves, on *sofas* or *fauteuils;* the gentlemen chiefly standing near them, or walking up and down the room. Here was our own ambassador, Sir Frederick Lamb,—than whom none more delights others in society. He never speaks for effect, never interrupts, never wounds the feelings of others, he always pleases.

Besides the ladies of most of the leading families, there were all those of the *corps*

diplomatique. The foreign ministers themselves were, I believe, all present. There was the Prussian minister Ludwig, or Lewis Mortimer, Graff, or Earl of Maltzan, grave and guarded; here was Count de St. Aulaire, with his venerable white locks, and looking more like a philosopher of the institute than a French courtier; here was Prince Gortschakof, the representative of all the Russias in the absence of Tatistcheff. Prince G—— speaks English with the utmost fluency, and without scarcely any foreign accent. He introduced himself to me; and regretted that there should be any misunderstanding between the courts of London and St. Petersburg, and contended that the causes were purely ideal. He had spent some years in England, which he said he preferred to any other country. Besides these, there were the ministers of all the German Confederation, and those of Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Sardinia, and the Two Sicilies. Then the Esterhazys, the Lichtensteins, the Schwartzenbergs, Kaunitzs, Kinskys, Trautmamdorfs, Kollowraths, Palfys and many others. Prince Metternich was usually engaged conversing with one or other of the ambassadors; the princess entertaining all who approached her.

Here and there, two or three, usually *two*, were engaged in conversation. More frequently a gentleman engaged *tête-à-tête* with a lady. In fact, the *soirées* at the Princess Metternich's, differ very little from those of the first families at Paris: excepting that at Vienna, all take leave, usually French leave, very early, seldom later than ten o'clock.

Prince Esterhazy's dinner-parties, *soirées*, and balls, are on a still more brilliant scale. His *fêtes* at Eisenstadt are perfect banquets; and to these, the princess extends all the charming ease and pleasure, for which high-bred manners, and an ardent desire to see all delighted, so eminently distinguish that lady.

There are many others of the high nobility, at whose palaces in Vienna, fashionable parties are frequently given; but still, it must be admitted, that it requires some time to be reconciled to the formality that prevails, and to causes, which I will hereafter explain, that shackle the spirit and the *compass* of conversation.

The Viennese ladies are scarcely ever seen walking out, unless it be when they occasionally descend from their carriages in the Prater. They are devoted to the theatres, which, as all the

front seats are occupied by the fair, appear as if there were none of their lords present with them. This, I must observe, is very often the case, and may have been a ground of the charge against them of being deficient in gallantry, which the French make against the Austrians. This again I doubt. Certainly none are greater admirers of beauty. The ladies of Vienna are said to be so jealous of foreigners who have claims to beauty, that the latter are treated with a reserve which almost excludes them from society: but that a foreign lady of gifted mind, *without* beauty, always makes her way triumphantly. Madame de Staël, who with undeniable right to talent, owed nothing to beauty, was indeed a star at Vienna. It is true the most accomplished and gallant man of his time, the Prince de Ligne, was then living, to do her the honours of introductions and attendance. When she arrived in 1808, the prince immediately called on her. "To what circumstance, madame," said he, "does Vienna owe the honour of Corinne's visit?" —"To the purpose alone of establishing my son at the engineer seminary—the *école de génie.*" —"Il a été à l'école de *génie* (*genius*) depuis son enfance," replied the prince.

LETTER XVI.

THE SPIRIT OF CONVERSATION.

WITH the exception of a few gifted individuals, an Englishman of intelligence will find the first society in Vienna sadly destitute of that spirit in conversation which creates such interest and such delight in England; and a Frenchman will *ennuyé* himself to death, from the absence of *l'esprit de causer*, which animates the salons of Paris.

The elements of animated discussion, of interesting conversation, seem wanting in Austria. Politics, public affairs, the sitting of parliament, news from abroad, literature, the periodicals, the courts of law, afford inexhaustible materials either for instructive or agreeable conversation in England and France.

In Austria, politics and the affairs of the state never form the elements of conversation unless it be in a corner, or in the *embrasure* of windows, between two persons. Literature is as seldom introduced. Some remarks on the play or opera, the fashions, a drive on the Prater, a ball *masqué* at the Ridotto, or at Eisenstadt, a reception at court, the cholera, an excursion to Baden, Carlsbad, Toplitz or Marienbad, the chase, a favourite topic, and lately the steam-boats on the Danube, or perhaps a little *terror* imported in the shape of an *émeute* from Paris, or how very shocking the radicals are going on in England, comprise the most that escapes in the hearing of all, either at a dinner party or a *soirée*.

Even these materials would be transformed into animated charms in the best English or French assemblage. The *exactitude* of the established forms—the time lost in consequence, the monotony of the *grande* world, weary the mind; especially where society is not formed nor intended to develop the spirit of intelligence and reciprocal delight. Here the most gifted minds in the nation are seldom met with, unless it be perhaps at the re-unions where the diplomatic corps assemble; and in a country

where the material enjoyments are so abundant, the mental are, unfortunately, not much sought after. The charms of social intercourse are also rather exotic than indigenous.

The true pleasure and advantage we derive from society, arise from animated, amusing, and instructive conversation—from its *liberalizing* our opinions—from its rendering us happy in ourselves and agreeable to others—from its rubbing off the prejudices of country and of education—from its making us ashamed of unpleasant habits—of ignorance—of mediocrity,—and from its making us ambitious to excel.

I think it is Lord Kaimes who says, that *man, by inertion, may degenerate into an oyster.* The idea is excellent. It has often struck me in the monotony of a stupid assemblage.

Pleasantry and ridicule, those powerful exciters to spirited conversation, are almost unknown in Austria. Words are taken according to the letter. Every lord and lady's title is pronounced at full length; every form of *politesse* is as faithfully observed as the steps of a minuet; yet, conversation seems a fatigue, not a pleasure. The charm of narrating well is unknown; yet, from what old ladies have re-

peated to me of the Prince de Ligne, and of that extraordinary period in *Viennese* society, the Congress of 1814, those who then excelled in conversation are still remembered with delight.

The elements of speaking well, are, however, allowed to sleep in this capital. The aristocracy, although the least supercilious in the world in their bearing towards the other classes of society, form a distinct *caste* in social intercourse; and before the conversation and the intelligence of Vienna attains a distinguished scale of eminence, the nobility must draw men of genius and knowledge into their society. The latter, were they *admitted* among the aristocracy, have too much sensibility ever to be obtrusive; and I hope that they have too much pride to be *servile*. Whether men be of noble birth or not, the time is rapidly arriving, when superior talents, knowledge, sagacity, and sound judgment, will not only give a tone to social life, but govern the world. No power can arrest that of the *steam-press*.

LETTER XVII.

THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

THE middle class, or that broad body of people, or demarcation of society, which lies between the aristocracy and the labouring class, forms, in Austria, the *happiest* and most *enjoying* portion of the inhabitants. This class, usually, by means of industry, independent in circumstances, has not only its many *castes*, but, with its *material happiness*, also its *moral vexations*.

To this class belong, first, the wealthy without title, as bankers, merchants, and the principal manufacturers. These may be said to form one division of the first *middle class caste*.

The clergy, or rather the curates, form a caste by themselves; the dignitaries of the church rank with the aristocracy, of whose

families they are usually members. Literary and scientific men form another division of the middle class. They must, in Austria, be considered the most uneasy of this generally happy section. They do not belong to the wealthy, and seldom, I believe, associate with the nobility, among whom there are, however, some talented, literary, and scientific men. There is some encouragement extended both to literature and science; but I must treat these subjects apart. Professional men, as lawyers and doctors, have little chance of great distinction; a musical composer being a far more eminent person than either. In the courts there is no pleading; all is conducted in writing. In fact, with the exception of Hungary, there is no public speaking in the empire. This alone, coupled with the absence of political controversy in the public journals, causes a mental *inertion*, which prevents even the feeling of emulation, much more the active strife which acquires celebrity.

The *corps dramatic* are, as in France and England, confined very much to their own society. In England, however, an actor or actress of the first order, if of good moral character and agreeable manners, is not an excluded

being in regard to private society, as they may be said to be in France and Austria. In public, however, the *corps dramatic* and *musicians* have their full meed of estimation at Vienna.

The second *caste* of the middle classes comprehend shopkeepers, and the first order of artisans. These are in a most happy physical condition. In fact, the labouring classes in Austria, as I will hereafter show you, when saying something of the agricultural classes, are the most comfortably situated working population that I know.

Notwithstanding the division of society into marked *castes* in the Austrian empire, there is less feeling on the subject, than perhaps in any other country. The lower classes never seem to vex themselves, in regard to the position of those above them; and the upper classes never lord it contumeliously over those beneath them. In public places, neither prince nor noble arrogate their own way before that of the most simple citizen. It is this that makes the distinction of *caste*, a subject of little consideration among the middle classes; all of whom have equal rights and equal pleasures at the Prater, Volks-garten, and other places of public amuse-

ment, where each associates or goes with friends or acquaintance of his own rank.

Among the middle and lower classes, *dress* is the great, and seemingly the only object of vanity or ambition. To this passion they sacrifice even far more than the Parisians; and nothing strikes the stranger's attention so forcibly, as the richly-dressed population of Vienna at all places of public resort. It is not the *mode de Paris*, but the *Wiener mode*, that the *Modehandlerin*, or fashionable dressmakers of Vienna, boast of as their most costly and sumptuous displays.

LETTER XVIII.

PLEASURES FOR THE PEOPLE.

BEFORE entering Vienna last Sunday evening, on returning from a short excursion, our attention was attracted to the bright illumination of large rooms, in some four or five houses by the way side, each of which exhibited from twelve to twenty windows brilliantly lighted up. Those on the ground floor had numerous tables, at which sat many of both sexes conversing, sipping beer and wine, sugar and water, or other drinkable mixture. Some were playing cards, and all enjoying themselves. The rooms in the second floor were still more brilliant; and in each of these, some two or three hundred young and middle-aged persons of both sexes, as joyously dancing, as were ever swains and maidens

made happy on that once happiest of days and evenings, on which the harvest-home load of merry old England was annually celebrated.

Beneficent Heaven! said I, why will not the *people*, yes, the *people* of England, be merry and happy too. At present they are not exactly either the one or the other, and yet they have the right to be as much so as any people on earth.

We are perpetually making laws, but I cannot discover that we have ever attempted to legislate in any way to make the hearts of the people glad; to make the weary and heavy-laden forget their cares and toils. Indeed, all the legislation that I am acquainted with, has evidently a different tendency. We think if we make the people rest from all *bodily movement* on Sunday, except compelling them to fill the churches; if we close against them all other places of resort, unless it be *blue ruin* shops, that we shall make them moral, and consequently happy. We are egregiously wrong. I grant we may make them hypocrites or drunkards. We certainly are the only nation in all the world, which, in town and country, looks sad on the sabbath-day, and who consequently are ungrateful to the Deity for the health and the blessings we enjoy. If

we think we are a more virtuous and moral people than the Austrians, we are still further in error; and I believe there is far more intoxication, and more iniquity committed, within the closed doors of London, on one Sunday, day and night together, than during the whole year in Vienna.

At public amusements, the sense of shame, natural to all people, will prevent whatever is considered immoral or ill-behaved from being exhibited, before a multitude of witnesses. Now if *idleness be the mother of mischief*, surely, when the people rest from those labours which yield them means of subsistence, and there be no harmless means of amusements within their reach, and especially if they are debarred from resorting to public enjoyments, it will be natural for them to indulge in those sensualities which, for the time either gratify their appetites, or smother their cares.

In all continental towns, even in Calvinistic Amsterdam, and Lutheran Berlin, there are unexpensive amusements to attract the people, whenever the labours of the day or week are over.

I don't know of any town, not even Paris, where the citizens of all classes have so many

pleasurable resorts as those of Vienna. The many public coffee-houses, ball-rooms, *Lust-hausen* (pleasure-houses), with numerous concerts, are all open to them at very trifling expense. For from twelve to forty-eight kreutzers, a much less sum than each of many thousands of all ages and sexes in London pay on Sundays for *blue ruin*, the tradespeople, high and low, at Vienna, amuse themselves once a week, or oftener, at a ball or concert, and the military bands play to them every evening for nothing. I said balls for the people—yes, and the regularity and good demeanour which prevails at these, need not shock even the greatest prude that ever flaunted up the aisle of a church in any cathedral town from Durham to Exeter

LETTER XIX.

THE PRATER.

LONDON has its Hyde Park, its St. James's Park, its Kensington Gardens, its Prince of all parks—the Regent's; *but* London has neither a Champs Elysées nor a Prater. The London parks and gardens are kept to look at, if you please: but there you have no bands of music, no concerts, no booths, no fête-days, no endless attractions for old and young,—little to make the heart glad, less to feed even the "reveries of the solitary walker,"—something it is true for the publicist, who traces the sources whence the oil oozes, that smoothens the axles of the carriages that *roll* past him.

What then is the Prater? Pass from the city through *Rothe Thurm Thor* (gate of the

Red Tower), cross the bridge of Ferdinand, halt to observe the activity of landing and embarking on the Donau arm—remark the people enjoying themselves at the restaurateurs, coffee-houses, and billiard-tables as you pass to the Yäger-Zeile, a noble street which leads you to a magnificent wood, with spacious avenues, planted with chestnuts, acacias, oaks, and plane-trees, and with the horizontal branching, not the feather-like Lombardy poplars. On each side of these avenues are coffee-houses, eating-houses, orchestras, dioramas, and an olympic circus, for all; and riding-schools with hobby-horses, and chariots, and little ships moving round on shafts fixed to large cylinders to divert thousands of children.

The avenues, near the cafés, are lighted up at night; and this splendid wood, intersected by several branches of the Danube, extends for miles. It has at all times been one of the principal attractions of Vienna. Twenty-eight years ago, Madame de Staël says of this charming resort. "There is no great city without some edifice, some promenade, something remarkable in art or nature to which our associations of early days carry us back. It seems to me that in this respect the *Prater*

must have, for the inhabitants of Vienna, a delicious charm. In no part so near a great capital, is there to be found a promenade which offers so many beauties, and of a nature, at the same time, so rural and so embellished. A majestic forest extends to the Danube, and in the distance, we observe herds of deer crossing the meadows. They return every morning to feed, they bound off every evening, when the multitude which throng the avenues disturbs their solitude.

"The *spectacle*, which occurs but three days in the year, on the avenue of *Longchamp*, near Paris, is renewed constantly during pleasant weather at Vienna. This *citadine* nation, assembled under the shade of magnificent trees, or on the green turf, refreshed by the Danube, form in the prospect a charming *coup d'œil*. Fashionable company in carriages, and people on foot, resort to this promenade every evening, and, in this virtuous country, pleasures are like duties, and, however uniform either may be, they are never neglected.

"It is especially on the Prater that one is struck with the prosperity of the people. Vienna has the reputation of consuming more provisions than any other capital of equal

population; and this somewhat vulgar kind of superiority is not disputed by foreigners. One observes an entire family of citizens and artisans repairing to the Prater, at five o'clock in the evening, where they partake of a rural luncheon, substantial as the dinners of other countries, and the money which they are enabled to spend in this way, proves equally their industry and their being mildly governed.

"Later in the evening, thousands of men arrive, leading their wives and children by the hand; yet, no disorder, no quarrelling, ever disturbs this multitude, whose voices are only heard with difficulty. This silence, however, arises from no sadness of soul, it is the result of physical wellbeing, which in South Germany sooths the sensations, and in the north tranquillizes the ideas.

"Suppose an equal number of Parisians assembled, and the air sparkles with their *bon mots, pleasantries,* and disputes, and never can a Frenchman enjoy pleasure in which his self-esteem does not appear in some manner."

Although probably more than half of those whom Madame de Staël saw, including the emperor, whom she says mixed in the throng as a simple citizen, as well as *Corinne* herself,

lay now silent in the dust, the Prater still exhibits much the same spectacle as she describes. Probably the multitude is greater, the horses—their trappings, and the carriages of the aristocracy and wealthy citizens more showy and splendid than they were a quarter of a century ago.

The citizens have still much the same characteristics, the same habitual observances in their pleasures, much the same amusements, the same cookery, and at least the same means of enjoyment. The nobility have the same routine manner. In their magnificent carriages, or on horseback, they meet each other in the avenues of the park, they make way for the hackney-coach which carries a tradesman and his children, as readily as they do for the carriages of the Metternichs, Liechtensteins, Esterhazys, or Schwartzenbergs. There is another emperor, but he and his brothers and uncles are as free from ostentation, as simple in their ways, as was the well-beloved Francis. They are seen in the same way among the throng.

Among all this multitude, which is rendered still more dramatic by a most picturesque intermixture of Hungarian, Servian, Croatian,

and Jewish costumes, we never encounter beggary. However attained, all are evidently in possession of the material elements of happiness.

LETTER XIX.

DEER FEEDING.

I KNOW you are fond of animals, for I have seen your sheep, your cows, and your horses, coming up to receive a few blades of grass, or a wisp of hay from your hand; and, for ought I know, you may be a worthy member of the humane society, for suppressing cruelty to the quadrupeds which we term brutes, although, God knows, how much more brutal than they, are we bipeds.

In the whole range of the Prater there are, I am told, some thousands of deer; and among them are many more noble stags than those you delighted to see bounding over the most hilly ground in England. The avenues of the Prater and its sylvan wilds as you approach the

Danube, are our favourite walks. Lately, the chestnuts have been falling thickly from their husks, and the deer, you know, are fond of chestnuts: as we go along, I pick up sufficient to fill my pockets; I stretch out my hand, with two or three in my palm, as we approach those innocent creatures. The stags, with their proud antlers, are shy; the does approach without fear, take the chestnuts from us, and then rub our hands with their foreheads. At the royal park of Nymphenburg, near Munich, there was a beautiful doe, that formed with us a sort of intimate acquaintance. Wherever we appeared she ran towards us. We had usually a piece of bread to give her, and whether we had or not, she followed us until we reached the benches under a tuft of trees, close to which there is a house where they sell bread and beer. When we sat down, the doe stood before us: when the blue-eyed *kelnerin* brought us a jug of fine Bavarian ale and a few rolls, the doe was sure not to be disappointed of a share of the latter; and although she at first would not taste the beer, she soon learnt to have no dislike for a share of that also. Was this instinct or education?—certainly the latter: and how difficult or impossible to define what instinct

is; for, although quadrupeds have neither thumbs nor fingers, nor organs of speech, they have memory, like man; they have the faculty of choosing what is agreeable, of avoiding danger, of receiving instruction; they have the virtue of gratitude, and the power of judgment, to a degree of which we are ignorant: they have also the faithfulness of sincere affection.

At five o'clock in the evening, as you walk down the Prater, until you reach the *Lust-haus*, near the Danube, you hear the *Jager's* horn, and immediately after, you observe the deer converging in full flight to one centre, near the place from whence the horn-blasts proceed. You observe, at the same time, a large shed;—that is the feeding-house, where the deer are each evening regaled as regularly at this end of the Prater, as the citizens are at the other. Chestnuts being in abundance in the decline of autumn, are gathered in great plenty, and form the supper which bring the deer, however widely scattered, together:—although frequently separated by the branches of the Danube, the Jager's horn never fails to gather them.

I have been told that sometimes, on these occasions, you may see one or two hundred of

them rush altogether into the Danube, which runs down at the rate of eight to ten miles an hour, and then the whole herd breasting the stream until they reach the opposite shore, from whence, after shaking the water off, they fly to their feeding rendezvous. This sight, which I have not had the opportunity of witnessing, is described by the Austrian sportsmen, as being, in its particular character, the most superb that can delight those who love the chase.

LETTER XX.

THE DRAMA.—THE ROYAL IMPERIAL HOFBURG THEATRE.—SCHILLER'S MARY STUART; MACBETH; AND RAUPACH'S KONRADIN.

FOR the first three evenings after our arrival at Vienna, the plays acted were clumsy representations of badly-translated French pieces; and however much the ephemeral dramas of M. Scribe and Company may please all the world at the minor Parisian theatres, never, assuredly, has false taste been more glaringly exhibited, than in the attempts to adapt the dramatic writings of French authors, even those of the first excellence, to the German theatres, in the German language. "The French," says Benjamin Constant, "in their dramas, paint only the passions, the Ger-

mans draw characters."* This is critically true.

Lessing, perhaps the most spirited of all German writers,—he who courageously and successfully criticised several of Voltaire's tragedies, and who so humorously ridicules the very prince of mockers, proves, on the other hand, the close affinity between the true English drama and the genius of Germany.

This is evident in Schlegel's, and Schiller's, and Tieck's translations of Shakspeare, which convey so faithfully, the spirit, meaning, and even idioms of the English into German, that posterity, if history revealed not the truth, might well dispute which was the original text. In fact, Shakspeare's English contains but few words that are not Saxon.

The German language, it is true, has been amplified, and its prosody somewhat altered, since the period when the gigantic, yet coarse mind of Martin Luther, imparted to its construction a force and breadth, and an explicit power of argumentation, unknown and imperceptible either in the writings of the monks, in the ballads of the *minne-singers*, or in the *epic*

* Preface to Wallenstein.

of the Nibelungs. The religious animosities which succeeded the reformation, instead of refining, brutalized the language, by interlarding it with coarse compound abusive epithets, formed, however, of words not borrowed, but found in the language itself. The genius of literature was afterwards smothered, but not extinguished, by the political wars which so long distracted Germany, by the despotism of the Catholic hierarchy, and by the gloomy rigidity of Protestant manners.

During the early part of the last century, the German writers became impassioned with the imitation, but not inspired by the genius of French literature. They wrote, attempting only to imitate the writers of the age of Louis XIV. This unnatural servility was completely unsuccessful: all their productions, while they wanted originality, wanted also the wit, satire, and brilliancy of the French school. Wieland alone, by the fertility of his own conceptions, although he imitated Voltaire, is the only German of that school who appears to me worthy of merit as a writer. Frederick the Great, the supreme recorder of falsehood, as history calls him, but who should more properly be styled Frederick the Heartless, despised all,

in language, literature, and manners, that was German.*

The influence, however, of this "prince, philosopher, poet, and musician," despotic as it was, could not transplant French literature, French language, and French manners, into Germany. All his attempts withered and died. Klopstock, Haller, Bodmer, Gesner, Herder, Kant, Mendelssohn, Lessing, Winkelman, and then Schiller, Goethe, the two Schlegels, and Tieck, established a German school of literature, poetry, art, and criticism, that can never be rooted up except by the extirpation of the people. This school has, from the affinity of language and of original customs, a closer similarity to that of England about a century ago, than to any other in Europe: with those of

* This may be considered severe; and while I readily admit that much of the present power of Prussia resulted from the political and civil measures adopted by that conqueror, after his exterminating success in Silesia, yet his callosity of heart as manifested in the ingratitude he afterwards showed to those who most faithfully served him, and his total neglect of such men as Kant, Mendelssohn, and other great geniuses, who were his subjects, with his disdain for the literature, and the language, which he ridiculously wished to change, deserves the scorn of mankind.

France and Italy, it has no relationship whatever.

This must appear evident to all who have witnessed the performance not only of Shakspeare's plays in their German dress, but even such of Sir Walter Scott's novels as the Germans have dramatized. Macbeth is acted with the same truth in the German language, and excites the same general interest at Vienna and Berlin, as ever it did in the most able period of dramatic excellence in England. Schiller's translation is, I believe, generally preferred; at least in Vienna. Last May, I had the opportunity of being at the theatre of Leipzig, when the melodrama of Ivanhoe, or "*Der Templer und die Judin*" (The Templar and the Jewess), was performed. That theatre is considered, both in regard to the dramas thought worthy of representation, and to the merit or demerit of the actors, the most refined in its critical judgment of any in Germany. The orchestra is almost faultless, the scenery always appropriate, and the actors, who once pass that ordeal with honour, may move on to Vienna or Berlin with the assurance of continued fortune and fame. The Templar (Eicke), Ivanhoe (Freimüller), the

Black Knight (Ball), the Clerk of Copmanhurst (Berthold), the enchanting Rebecca (Madame Walzel), and old Isaac of York (Bandias), Wamba (Lortzing), were exactly what Sir Walter Scott created them; no character over-acted, no part enfeebled. One of the best judges, perhaps, in all Germany, the young highly-gifted Mendelssohn,* sat next me; and admitted that the original characters as drawn by Scott (whom he personally knew), were fairly represented, I therefore give my opinion with a confidence that I dare not otherwise venture.

I attended the performance of this melodrama three months afterwards at Munich, where it was got up, in the superb theatre of that capital, with extraordinary scenic splendour: the king and royal family being present; but the orchestra almost alone was effective. The splendid scenery was unnatural and inappropriate; and, with the exception of Rebecca, acted by Demoiselle Haselt, a young Dutch actress of great merit and talent, both as a singer and actress, the whole representa-

* This talented composer is also a refined literary genius, and nephew of the celebrated philosopher.

tion was wretched, at least, after having once seen it performed at Leipzig.

Of the dramatic writers of Germany, Schiller is, perhaps, the most purely Saxon. With a compass of intellectual power not so universal, not so ready, as that of Goethe, we are far more in love with him. In Schiller, the spirit of truth and independence carries him over all base restrictions. If his poetry and his prose are considered too exalted, it is his heart and patriotism which elevate him so far above common mortals; and if he has transfused into delicious poetry the philosophical ideas of Kant, he is not relished the less in Germany on that account. It is said that Goethe has never written a line that breathed true liberty. In the ardour of his youth he has,—first, as the advocate of suicide in Werther, in which work he portrays the baronial families of Germany,—their hereditary costumes,—their limited understandings,—and their exclusive pride, in a most dramatic and ludicrous perspective;—secondly, in his Count Egmont, in which he so powerfully—so dramatically, describes the tyranny and treachery of the Duke of Alva, and the exalted soul, and patriotic heart of Count Egmont. But during the ravages of Napoleon,

and the war of liberation, Goethe's patriotic muse slept—unlike Körner's—she roused not the spirit of Vaterland, to death or liberty!

Schiller's Wallenstein has been enfeebled to the merely English reader, by being so much abridged in Coleridge's otherwise excellent translation. Some of the finest passages of the original, even those which have in Germany, become every day maxims; those also quoted to add force or beauty to subjects which require the aid of some appropriate expression, made by a favourite author, being omitted for the sake of brevity. The whole should have been translated; or, if abridging it was the object, it would have been far better to have recast the three parts of Wallenstein into one play in English, which might then be admirably adapted for the English stage. Benjamin Constant did so in French; but even his transcendent genius could not represent the original in a French dress. It would be an admirable subject for Sheridan Knowles in English.

Mary Stuart, considered by critics the most perfect of Schiller's dramas, was performed at the Hofburg theatre a week after our arrival at Vienna. This theatre joins, or rather forms a part of the buildings of the royal palace, and in

it, says the Gemalde von Wein,* "the masterpieces of Shakspeare, Goethe, Lessing, Schiller, &c., are acted with taste, and in the first style of dramatic excellence."

In its interior decorations, the Hofburg is less showy than any other theatre that I recollect; but its old-fashioned style is well adapted to the period of history belonging to the drama which was about to be represented. The management, like that of every theatre in Vienna, can neither be too highly praised, nor too generally imitated. There is no irregularity—no confusion, as to the places in the boxes, galleries, or pit. The latter is divided into two *parterres;* the first or front, called the *parterre-noble,* where seats may be procured for about three shillings each, and to which you are attended by the person who unlocks them immediately on presenting your ticket. Ladies, whatever may be their rank, may take places, without its being considered vulgar, in the *parterre-noble.* In the second, the seats are taken as those who fill them, enter. Neither is there any delay during the performance. The curtain rises at the moment announced;—the

* Picture of Vienna.

orchestra is equally regular,—there is little delay between the scenes or acts, and the most decorous attention and behaviour prevails in boxes, galleries, and pit. It has often struck me, that I have never been in a Catholic or Protestant church in any part of the world without observing inattention, sometimes yawning, not unfrequently sleeping, and very generally an evident abstraction from the service to some other subject. On the other hand, I have never, at the leading theatres of Vienna and of North Germany, witnessed any thing but full attention to, and a deep interest in, the representation. Never, however, did I witness this interest, this attention, more closely observed, than during the performance of Mary Stuart at the Hofburg theatre.

The first act opens in a chamber in Fotheringay Castle.—Hannah Kennedy, Mary's nurse, but who looks and speaks more like her confidential friend—as the jealous guardian of the respect due to her queen, appears on the stage. On the entrance of Sir Amy Paulett, the keeper, she says,—

"What brings you, sir,—what further insult do you mean? Retire from these our limits!"

A scene of great interest then follows.

In the dialogue between Hannah Kennedy and Paulett, Hannah, forgetting the helplessness of her royal mistress, insists on the keeper retiring—"to forego his audacious scrutiny, and to withdraw his hateful presence." The latter accuses Mary of secretly corresponding with Babington and Parry, and conspiring to sacrifice his rightful queen, Elizabeth; and then insists on opening a casket, in which some letters, deemed fatal, are discovered. He leaves the stage exclaiming against Mary—

> "Der christus in der hand—
> Die hoffart und die weltlust in dem herzen."
>
> (The crucifix in her hand—
> Pride and the world's pleasures in her heart.)

Mary (Madame Schröder) enters dressed in black velvet, and veiled, with a crucifix in her hand. Kennedy moves up to her, and exclaims, that tyranny is closely pursuing her royal mistress,—that each new day brings further arrogance from her enemies, and conveys fresh sadness to her royal heart. Mary, with impressive queenly dignity, and elevated composure of mind, says, she is prepared to hear all, and to suffer all.

Paulett enters, and in bitter severity accuses Mary of conspiring against Elizabeth.

Mortimer, Paulett's nephew, then comes on, saying, "Uncle, you are required without." Mary and her nurse are then left alone: a dialogue of exquisite interest follows. Mortimer re-enters, and directs the nurse to retire, as he had to speak privately to the queen. Mary bids Hannah remain (*Hanna, du bleibst*); but on Mortimer handing a letter to Mary, and telling Hannah to retire behind the door to announce the approach of Paulett, the nurse moves off. The letter is from Rheims, from Mary's uncle, the cardinal. In the scene between Mary and Mortimer, the latter feels deeply for the condition of Mary, proposes a plan for her escape, and accuses Leicester of perfidy. Mary considers the project of deliverance impracticable, and acknowledges that she has still an affection for that culpable nobleman. Mortimer then retires, and the keeper, Paulett, and Lord Burleigh enter: the latter is introduced by Paulett, and says, "I am come as the minister of justice (*Ich komme als gesandter des gerichts*)." A long dialogue follows between Burleigh and Mary, broken in upon by an occasional remark from Paulett. Burleigh goes through an enumeration of various in-

trigues which he asserts to have been carried on among the Catholics at home, and at the courts of France and Spain. He endeavours to prove the guilt of Mary, and to substantiate the conspiracy against Elizabeth. Mary's queenly character is admirably sustained throughout these rude charges.

The second act opens in the palace of Queen Elizabeth, at Westminster. The Earl of Kent and Secretary Davidson are conversing on the dangers that threaten the Protestant Establishment, and on the Popish intrigues for raising Mary Stuart to the English throne. The scene which follows opens with Elizabeth entering, accompanied by Leicester, the earls of Aubespiné, Shrewsbury, Belierre, Burleigh, and other English and French gentlemen. Elizabeth, addressing Aubespiné, accuses the court of St. Germain of plotting against her life, and the weal of her realm. A scene of highly-wrought dissimulation succeeds. All but Leicester, Burleigh, and Talbot, leave the queen's apartment. Burleigh then artfully addresses, and, in a half commanding spirit, flatters Elizabeth.

> "Glorious queen! thou wilt to day
> Accord the ardent wishes of thy people."
>
> (Ruhmvolle konigin! du krönest heut
> Die heissen wünsche deines volks.)

Elizabeth replies—

"What do my people want? Speak, my lord."

(Was wünche mein Volke noch? Sprecht, my lord.)

Burleigh—

"They demand the head of the Stuart."

(Es fordert das Haupt der Stuart).

He then, in a long speech, accuses Mary of innumerable crimes, and of intriguing with France against Elizabeth. Both Talbot and Leicester endeavour to disprove the statements of Burleigh. Talbot, the faithful servant of Elizabeth, pleads grace for Mary; and Leicester conjures Elizabeth to see the unfortunate Queen of Scotland. The haughty Elizabeth finally agrees, and Leicester is to manage the interview as if by accident when hunting at Fotheringay.

The third act opens with Mary, accompanied by her devoted Hannah Kennedy, in the park of Fotheringay, breathing the fresh air of heaven, for the first time, after nineteen years imprisonment. The natural delicious joy she experiences on treading the greensward,—on passing under the shady trees,—on meeting with flowers and shrubs which recalled associ-

ations of happy days,—the freedom so delightful to her heart, and so beautifully expressed, forms a scene of the most exquisitely delicate interest. She sees in the distance a small fishing-vessel, and her heart is reanimated by the idea that even that frail craft may save her. She talks of France—of her early life—of delights that breathing freedom has still the power to revive.

The sounds of hunting-horns, in a short time break in upon this charming scene. The keeper Paulett appears; Shrewsbury soon after approaches, and then a deeply affecting dialogue takes place between that nobleman and Mary. It is broken off by the keeper announcing that the queen is coming. Mary stands aside, leaning on Kennedy. Elizabeth advances accompanied by Leicester. The meeting of the queens is one of the most powerful scenes in the drama. The dissimulation and haughtiness of Elizabeth; the dignity and at the same time the high-toned sentiments of Mary—provoked into utterance, by the jealous Elizabeth, are most skilfully characterized. Elizabeth accuses Mary of numerous crimes and follies—she turns the very charms of Mary into treason. Mary retorts, with high-minded dignity; but finally, excited by the

taunting imperiousness of Elizabeth, she refers to the doubts which Henry expressed relative to the mother of Elizabeth, and then to his belief in the illegitimacy of the latter. Both queens are governed only by their passions, and forget their accustomed dignity. We hate Elizabeth, and we every moment fear that the next expression uttered by Mary will be fatal to her. Mary is evidently determined to humiliate Elizabeth in the eyes of Leicester, with whom the latter is at the time ardently in love. Elizabeth as evidently feels this, and assumes the queenly character, and Mary that of the queen and woman together. Both leave the stage in mutual hatred towards each other.

The fourth act prepares the circumstances, and leads to the sentence for Mary's execution being signed. The urgent flattery and half commanding demands of Burleigh for death, with the pleas of Talbot for saving Mary, and the contending passions of love and ambition, jealousy and hatred, exhibited by Elizabeth, are all managed with extraordinary skill throughout.

The fifth act opens in the same chamber as the first. Mary having been refused a clergyman of her own faith, to administer the consola-

tions of religion, and to attend her in her last moments. Melville, formerly a gentleman of her court, has hastened to Rome, where he has taken holy orders, and returns to Fotheringay; immediately after, the commissioners arrive with the fatal sentence.

The first interview between Mary and Melville, and the confessional scene, are, perhaps, equal to the most powerful representations of character ever delineated.

When this tragedy was first acted in North Germany, the affecting confession scene, was, and I believe still continues to be, omitted, and I was consequently unprepared to witness its introduction at Vienna.

During the whole representation of this remarkable tragedy, the audience at the Hofburg theatre, seemed as fully chained to the stage, as if they were actually witnessing the original drama at Fotheringay and Westminster. In the profound silence which reigned all around, except on the stage, there was an awful feeling, which overwhelmed one, as if left alone under ground in the vaults of the catacombs.

Schiller has sustained a feeling and an interest which fix us to every sentence throughout. He

has preserved this faithful perfection of dramatic skill, without losing its force for a moment. The character of Mary is maintained in every word she utters. We cannot help loving her, we hardly dare reprove her. Her parting scene with Leicester, perfidious as he was, is a representation of human feeling, that engages our most earnest interest. When she takes leave of her servants, and when she says "Swear to me by the image of Christ, that when I am no more, you will leave this unhappy island, and seek an asylum under the protection of my royal brother, who will give you *another native land* in France," I observed the salt tears trickling down the cheeks of gentle and simple around me.

In the confession scene, we are startled from our almost adoring adoration, when Mary acknowledges having been guilty of the death of Darnley; but then Schiller manages this with his usual knowledge of the human heart. It was the crime of her youth, long since confessed to the church; and her guilt consisted not of acquiescence in the murder, but in listening to the treacherous Bothwell, whose seductive flattery, in the age of love and thoughtless-

ness, betrayed her heart. This forms the acmé of the confession. Administering the holy sacrament follows, and Melville says,

"Madame, there yet remains a difficult proof of your constancy to overcome. Do you feel sufficient strength to triumph over the bitterness of hatred?"

Mary replies—

"I have no fear. I have sacrificed my hatred and my love to God."

In the parting scene with her servants, when she distributes her apparel and jewels among them, her expressions are so natural, so endearing, that the most callous are overwhelmed with the tender and affectionate feelings of the unfortunate queen. Mary then appears in pure white royal robes, amidst an assemblage who are all in deep mourning—the crown is on her head—a gold crucifix in her hand, and she seems irradiated, as it were, by rays of innocence, love, and majesty, sent forth from heaven, as the emblems of celestial enthronement. She consoles her faithful servants, who weep around her. She says to them—

"Death, that severe friend, is approaching with his dark wings to shade the faults of my

youth: this last decree will release the feeble—the overpowered creature, from earth, to join its Creator in paradise.

"For thee," speaking to her nurse, "my faithful Hannah, gold and diamonds have no attraction. Thy recollection of me, will always remain the only gift precious to thy heart. Accept this *kerchief*, which, in the hours of my sadness, I have embroidered for thee,—which has been steeped in my tears,—with it thou wilt soon *band* over my eyes. This last duty, mine own Hannah only shall perform.* Mary then extends her hands to the other servants, saying, "Come all—come and receive my last farewell."

They all approach and kiss Mary's hand, who bids each an affectionate adieu.

* O meine treue Hanna, reitzet nicht
Der werth des goldes, nicht der Steine Pracht;
Dir ist das höchste Kleinod mein Gedächtniss.
Nimm dieses Tuch! Ich hab's mit eigner Hand
Für dich gestickt in meines Kummers Stunden,
Und meine heissen Thränen eingewoben.
Mit diesem Tuch wirst du die Augen mir verbinden,
Wen es so weit ist—diesen letzen Dienst
Wunsch' ich von meiner Hanna zu empfangen.

"Farewell Margaret—Alice farewell—
For thy faithful services, thanks to the Burgoyn—
Thy lips on my hand burn,—affectionate Gertrude;
I have been deeply hated, and more faithfully loved·
May a man of generous soul make my Gertrude happy;
Thy affectionate heart, was made to be loved.
Bertha, thou hast chosen the better part:
Thou wilt wed the chaste celestial spouse.
Haste to accomplish thy vow—
The destiny of thy queen teacheth thee,
That earthly fortune is deceitful.—
Farewell all—*Farewell*, for ever."*

Immediately after the confession, the Chancellor Burleigh, and Leicester arrive to receive Mary's last commands. Leicester, with downcast eyes, remains in the distance.

* Schiller's words in the original are so tenderly affecting, that my loose translation does them injustice.

Leb' wohl, Margretha—Alix, lebe wohl—
Dank Burgoyn, für deine treuen Deinste—
Dein Mund brennt heiss, Gerdrude—Ich bin viel
Gehasset worden, doch auch viel geliebt!
Ein edler Mann beglücke meine Gerdrud—
Denn Liebe fordert dieses glünhnde herz—
Bertha! Du hast das bessre Theil erwählt
Die keusche Braut des Himmels willst du werden!
O eile, dein Gelübde zu volziehen!
Bertrieglich sind die Güter dieser Erden,
Das 'lern an diener Königinn! Nichts weiter!
Lebt wohl!—Lebt wohl!—Lebt ewig wohl!—

Burleigh says—

"I am come, Lady Stuart, to receive your final requests."

Mary—

"Thank you, my Lord."

Burleigh—

"It is the will of the queen that no equitable demand shall be denied you."

Mary—

"My testament contains my last requests. It is confided to the care of Sir Paulett,—I hope it will be faithfully executed."

Paulett—

"It will."

Mary—

"As my body cannot repose in holy ground, I demand that my faithful servant be allowed, to carry my heart to France, there to repose by its own. Alas! it has always been there!"*

Burleigh—

"That will be done."

* Och! Es war immer dort!

When the sheriff arrives, Mary turns to sooth her nurse.

"Hannah!—yes, it is now the hour! There comes the sheriff, to lead me hence to death. He must separate us! Farewell! farewell!"

And then turning to Burleigh, she says,

"I wish, sir, my faithful Hannah to attend me on this last walk.—My lord, do not refuse this consolation.—"

Burleigh—

"I have not the power to grant it."

Mary—

"What? not accord me this weak—this simple wish? Who but my nurse can perform these little last services for me? It can never be the will of my sister to outrage in my person the respect due to woman."

Burleigh—

"My lady, no woman can ascend the scaffold with you.—Her cries—her grief——"

Mary—

"She shall not—I will answer for my Hannah's firm spirit. My lord do not separate me in dying, from my nurse. Her arms received me on the threshold of life—let her tender hand from hence conduct me."

Paulett—

"This must be allowed."

Burleigh—

"Be it so."

Mary—

"Now I have nothing more to ask of this world.—"

(*Kisses the crucifix.*)

"My Saviour!—My Redeemer! Receive me.

(*Leicester comes forward.*)

"Thou has kept thy word, Earl Leicester.—Thou didst promise thy support in delivering me from this prison, and now thou hast come to aid me."

She concludes in tenderly forgiving language, and then moves on with the sheriff and

Hannah to the scaffold, Paulett and Burleigh following.—*The curtain falls!*

Macbeth (Schiller's translation) was lately acted at the Hofburg, and I doubt very much if the present dramatic talent of all England could represent the characters that Shakspeare drew with any approach to that style of excellence of which the principal actors at the Hofburg theatre are masters. Not that there is wanting true dramatic genius in England, but that it requires public encouragement to awaken its spirit, and public taste to appreciate its force and beauty.

Shakspeare's plays, whether tragic or comic, always secure full houses at Vienna. Hamlet was also acted at the same theatre. It was on a Sunday evening, and drew forth all the rank and fashion from their palaces; and the Midsummer Night's Dream and the Tempest have lately been frequently represented. Shakspeare is at least once a week on the boards of the Hofburg. Most of our standard plays have been translated into German, and represented on the stage, with the fresh interest of novelty at Vienna. During the last week I witnessed Cumberland's Jew, at one theatre, and Sheridan Knowles's Wife of Mantua at

another: both houses were crowded from the pit to the top gallery.

Of the modern German plays, Raupach's *Konradin* seems to have been the most attractive. Yet, as a drama, it is imperfect, and will probably be soon forgotten. Historical plays have, however, extraordinary fascination for a German audience; and Konradin is historical, and in many parts highly dramatic.

Konradin the younger, or Konradin, King of Jerusalem, and Duke of Swabia, is son of Duke Konrad IV. He becomes King of Jerusalem, much in the same manner as Otho of Bavaria has lately become King of Greece. Konradin (Madame Rettich) is about eighteen years of age. Frederick (Mademoiselle Reichel) of Baden, hereditary Prince of Austria, resolves to accompany Konradin to the Holy Land. The first scene, or rather the prelude, opens at Bregenz, on the lake of Constance, in the autumn of 1267, and the parting of Konradin from his mother, Elizabeth of Bavaria (Madame Lembert), is wrought up to the highest strain of maternal affection and filial love, in which the acting of Madame Lembert and Madame Rettich is, perhaps, faultless. The *first act* (which takes place nearly a year after the pre-

lude), is laid at Rome,—the *second*, amidst the Apulian mountains,—the *third* on the Roman coast,—the *fourth* at Naples, where Konradin and his friend, Prince Frederick, are made prisoners by John Frangipani (Herr Welhelmi), agreeable to the secret cognizance of Charles, King of Sicily (C. La Roch),—and the *fifth* opens in the dungeons of Frangipani's castle, where the young princes are sitting at a table playing chess to beguile time. There is a great deal of mystery shed over this drama; particularly in the scenes amidst the Apulian mountains, in which Walter, a jolly miller (Herr Anschütz), is one of the best written and best acted characters in the play. The other personages are Louis, Duke of Bavaria, Konradin's uncle, Robert, Duke of Flanders, Henry, Prince of Castile, several Italian and French barons, Roman nobles, knights from all the states of Europe, Clara, Frangipani's daughter (Mademoiselle Pister), in love with her father's prisoner, Konradin, her maids, companions, &c.; all of whom, with guards and servants, give full scenic effect to a *tragedy*, the last act of which ends without a conclusion, in the dungeon, where it is communicated to

the young princes that they are to be put to death.

The historical materials of this drama only required the genius of Schiller or Lessing, to work them into one of the most powerful tragedies ever conceived. Many passages are drawn with great force of character, but there are none sustained with equal power throughout. Elizabeth of Bavaria, the mother, and Konradin, are the least faultless;—and Konradin, a young king, in royal robes, with a crown on his head and sword in hand, is much enfeebled in character by being personified by a young handsome woman, with a fine clear feminine voice, although Madame Rettich is an actress of talent very far above mediocrity. The part of Prince Frederick is in itself meagre, but the insipid yet very pretty Mademoiselle Reichel, withers it. Carl La Roche, Wilhelmi, Anchütz, and Dlle. Pistor, impart, however, by their force of acting, more effect to their respective characters than the genius of the author.

LETTER XXI.

KARNTHNER-THOR, AND FAUBOURG THEATRES.

THE only theatre privileged within the walls besides the Hofburg, is the *K. K. Hof Opern Theater, nächst dem Kärnthner-thor*, or, in plain English, the Imperial Royal Court Opera Theatre, next the Corinthian-gate, commonly called the K. K. Kärnthner-thor Theatre.

Its arrangements, prices, and management, are exactly the same as at the Hofburg theatre, and its performances almost strictly confined to the opera and ballet. Its orchestra is, perhaps, the best in Europe. The manager and director of this theatre have also a passion for Italian and French compositions. The former, although far more attainable by German ears than the latter, are, however, never Italian,

except in those parts taken by Italian singers. In all German operas, the performances at this theatre are admirable: and Robert le Diable, although Meyerbeer was compelled, in order to gratify Parisian vanity, to introduce much that is French into its music, still possesses so wholesome a Saxon body, that its representation at Vienna is remarkably effective.

At this theatre it is usual to introduce a forepiece (*vorher*), as a prelude to either ballet or opera. For instance, as an introduction to Semiramis, I have seen "Die Nymphe und der Schmetterling" (the Nymph and the Butterfly), in one act; in which Perrot, as a butterfly, and Carlota Grisi, as Sylph or Psyche, both *fresh* from Paris, danced a *pas de deux;* and the exquisite Angiolina Mayer, the beautiful Sebirani, and the pretty Cassi, as nymphs, dance an equally classical *pas de trois.*

I have in Paris, and in various European capitals, been present at the most admired ballets. I have in this respect but little confidence in my own judgment. I look upon dancing rather as a sculptor would, than otherwise; for it is impossible for the most rapid whirligig of a figurante to be successfully expert without being graceful.

The "Spaniards in Peru," is the ballet now quite the rage at the Kärnthner-thor theatre, where it is performed three times a-week. It is taken chiefly from Kotzebue's Pizzaro. The plot is, I think, faultless,—the pantomimic parts admirable,—the scenery magnificent,—and the acting of Alonzo (Lasina), Cora (Dlle. Colombon), Rolla (Catte), and Pizzaro (Campelli), excellent. A scene of the most sublime dramatic effect, is that in which Rolla, to save Cora's young son, carries it up rocky precipices—climbs a tree with it—bends the tree with his weight over a craggy ravine, through which a mountain torrent roars, and while descending to the opposite cliff, clung with the boy to the tree, gradually bending downwards, is shot by Pizzaro.

The *pas de neuf* of Bencini, Opfermann, Frederick Campilli, with Dlles. Angiolina Mayer, Baseg, Lasina, A. Hasenhüt, and Dingler; and the *pas de trois* of M. Casati, with Fanny Cerito (a beautifully graceful brunette Italian), and Louisa Scroll (an exquisitely fair and equally beautiful German), appeared to those who are far better judges than I am, as altogether equal, and in some respects superior to any thing, except Taglioni, that ever Paris

can pretend to. Perrot and Carlotta Grisi have also lately danced in this attractive ballet.

To the Spaniards in Peru, there was also a prelude, a sort of melodrame in one act from the French, called the "*Uniform and Schlafrock*," or the "Uniform and Dressing-gown;" a piece which had its usual week's tithe of talk at Paris, and then died, to be resuscitated at Vienna. Nearly all the standard Italian, and all German operas, with most French ballets, are introduced at this theatre.

The theatres in the Fauxbourgs are, in relation to the two great theatres, much what minor theatres are to the great ones in all large capitals.

National melodrames are admirably represented, both at the Leopold-stadt, and the Joseph-stadt theatres. The audiences, especially at the former, are kept in perpetual laughter, by the talents of the actors, and the point or drollery of the plays. One of the most broad-humoured pieces that I have for a long time witnessed, was at the latter. The "Burgomaster of Zaar-dam," a melodrama, in which Peter the Great, as the young carpenter, Michaelhoff, figures with the burgomaster and his fair daughter. "Das Kätchen of Heilbron"

(Kitty of Heilbron), is another melodrama especially national, and exceedingly popular at the Leopold-stadt. The emperor, a Graf Otto, an old German Baron, admirably represented Kitty, the heroine and daughter of a rich weapon-smith, and several counts, knights, ladies, citizens, and vassals, perform their parts very graphically in this humorous play. Perhaps this piece may be considered one of the best specimens of the present comic taste of South Germany, although the "Hans-Sachs" of Deinhardstein has been, and continues to be, the most popular.

The large theatre in Wiener-stadt, is appropriated to what the Germans very expressly term *Grosse-Spectakel:* that is, representations which they consider not possessing the requisite dignity of the pure drama; much the same as those *shows,* in which wild beasts have been introduced on the boards of our great national theatres in London. A piece, called the Monkey and the Frog—"*Der Affe und die Frosch,*" has, for instance, been for weeks together attracting crowds to the great amphitheatre of Wiener-stadt.

The fair sex are, I have already observed,

far more numerous than the other, at each of the theatres.

The whole play-going population of Vienna, is probably double that which frequent all the London theatres together; and those of the former being over about nine o'clock, the crowd which issue forth, *radiate* off, immediately after, either to the restaurateurs or to their houses, to enjoy their hot suppers, and, if we believe the scandal-mongers, very generally, to their amorous assignations. Be this as it may, neither the streets at night, nor the theatres, ever exhibit the least appearance of that deplorable immodesty, which moves through London and all large towns in the United Kingdom.

LETTER XXII.

THE VOLKS-GARTEN.

THE *au-Garten,* with its majestic avenues, its green, its eating-houses, its cafés, and its waltzing and gallopading in the open air,—the gardens and dancing-rooms of Schönbrun; and the more distant and rural grounds and temptations of Baden and Helen's Thal, are the resorts of pleasure and gourmandizing in summer: the Schwartzenberg gardens, the *glacis,*——and the *Wasser cur anstadt,* the fine weather haunts of lovers; but the *Volks-garten* (the people's garden) forms the attraction of all seasons.

It has the Imperial palace, the Neue Burg-thor, and the magnificent NEUER PARADE, Platze, with its elevated promenades bounding

it to the south and east; a fine planted terrace, and Prince Metternich's palace, immediately facing it on the north; the ramparts, with its splendid terrace, the Löwel Bastey, and the *Offentliche* (public) promenade, and *Gast-haus*, extending round from south to north-west. It is planted with trees, and shrubs, and flower-beds,—divided into walks, sheltered on all sides, and at night lighted with countless lamps. Near the centre, amidst the trees, stands the Temple of Theseus, classically true in its architecture, and erected to shelter the master-piece, as the Viennese say, of Canova—Theseus slaying the Minotaur,—originally intended (by Napoleon) for the Porta del Sempione, at Milan. In the southern angle of this garden, stands an extensive semicircular coffee-house, the amphitheatre of which is entirely formed of glass windows, while the opposite interior wall is made to correspond with large mirrors, and the whole inner extent, forming either a promenading or dancing room, with tables and chairs near the windows and walls, for the accommodation of all who demolish ices, or sip coffee, lemonade, or *liqueurs*. In front of this *kaffee*, is a circular pavilion, for the civic music-band, facing which, all round, are placed

countless rows of seats, for the multitudes of all ages and sexes, who resort here every evening, to enjoy brilliant selections, performed in perfection, of German and Italian music.

On ordinary occasions, the civic band onl performs: but once or twice a week, two military bands attend,—when it is usual to form a sort of cordon, and to pay twenty-four kreutzers for admission. On the emperor's return from Prague, it was considered loyal to celebrate his arrival by greater than usual efforts of musical display, and with arrangements, to do honour, in the words of the Kapellmeister,* "*Zur Feier der Allerhöchsten Königs-Krönung Seiner K. K. Majestät Ferdinand I. zu Prag.*"

It was during the last week in September—the weather was serene and beautiful. After dinner, we walked to the terrace in front of Prince Metternich's garden, in which his children were diverting themselves with their nurse. Fashionably-dressed groups, chiefly families, were moving along the terrace, or amidst the avenues; the sun was descending fast over the western hills; the cloudless heavens, clearly

* Literally chapel music-master, but *de facto*, more so of theatres and concerts.

blue above, were gradually brightening into brilliant red and gold towards the horizon; while the Gothic spire of St. Stephen's to the right, and the oriental dome of St. Karl, far to the left, were still gilded with the sun's far lingering rays. A stream of life, infinitely varied in costume and colours, was passing to and fro between the city and the suburbs. In both were heard that subdued incessant sound of mingled noises, which has a peculiar charm when heard in the distance on a clear calm eventide.

As the sun sunk beyond the horizon, an effulgent splendour decked the western sky, in bright scarlet, shaded into bright gold and yellow, until the latter, gently purpled, was blended and lost in the clear azure above. In the magnificent regions of the west, imagination might revel, in painting, as Corinne would say, "An asylum of hope,—a native land of love—in which nature seemed to repeat 'man is immortal!'"

As the upper heavens were attaining a deeper azure, the west was changing its gold and scarlet into rich yellow and crimsoned purple. At length, the stars advanced in the heavens, and, at the same time, numerous lights started one by one into rapid existence among the

trees of the garden and new parade. The glass *Kaffeehaus*, was brilliantly illuminated, while the front and interior was filling fast with gaily dressed men, women, and children. The civic band had taken its place in the orchestra within the pavilion in front, and were tuning the instruments, while a living tide was still flowing through the portals of the new parade into the people's garden.

We still continued our walk on the terrace, between the Neue-Thor and the Löwel Bastey,—at all times the most animated of the numerous Vienna promenades. Myriads of lamps were now lighted, between the city and the suburbs, in the parade, and in the garden. The windows of every house seemed also in a blaze. The stars twinkled, or sent forth their clear fixed lights. The civic band struck up a delicious *mélange* from Weber, Mozart, and Haydn. Two superb military bands had also by this time taken their places, one to the right, and the other to the left. Each of the three then relieved the other in succession. We descended from the terrace to the garden, and promenaded among the trees, while the military bands played a splendid piece of martial music. In the in-

terval that succeeded, we entered the *Kaffee.* Here, ices, coffee, *liqueurs*, were carried forth by the waiters in all directions. The ices would be considered perfection, by the greatest epicurean that frequents Tortoni's—the coffee excellent—the *liqueurs* delicious. God knows who, or what were the classes, of both sexes, young and old, beautiful and ugly, which were assembled. If we believe travellers, virtue is here as evanescent as the ices which are so profusely demolished. Nothing, however, immodest in gesture, word, or look, is observed; and, although it is not probable that so much idleness and love of pleasure congregates without a great leaven of licentiousness being mixed up with it, "want of decency," at least, cannot be brought forward to prove that there is at the same time a "want of sense."

Propriety of demeanour is universally preserved. That much which is good and virtuous pervades this mixed assemblage, appears evident, from the great proportion of mothers with their husbands, daughters, sons, and little children, who occupy so many benches, and who, unless it be the exception of the women engaged in their eternal knitting, and the sipping of

coffee, water,* or *liqueurs*, all seemed profoundly attentive to, and thoroughly delighted with the music, which, in its exquisitely beautiful, varied, and powerful composition, and in the skill, taste, and judgment of its execution, is not surpassed in the world. It is of their music alone the Viennese are supremely vain: leave them the fame of this excellence, and they seem, generally speaking, indifferent to the reputation of any other; although for dress and eating, even the Parisian modists and gastronomes can do no more than equal the Viennesse. We again ascended the terrace—the moon, within a few days of her full, was rising over the dome of St. Karl—the night, temperately warm, was delightfully pleasant. The different bands continued in alternate succession to play the spirit-animating, or heart-soothing, selections laid down in the *Kapell-meisters* programme. In the intervals, the demolition of ices and the dissipation of coffee and *liqueurs*, went on as before. Groups promenadad on the terrace, in the avenues, or within the long semi-circuit of the *Kaffee*, until at length, after nine o'clock,

* A large glass of pure water is always served in Vienna in coffee-houses and restaurans, with either coffee, ices, or *liqueurs*.

the fireworks were let off. For these displays, Vienna has long been celebrated; and in the exhibition of colours, figures, startling effects, and effulgent brilliancy, those which closed this evening's *gala* at the *Volks-garten*, the capital of Austria hath fully sustained her *pyrotechnic* reputation.

Immediately after the fireworks, the assembled throng departed in a crowded flood, through the gate to the new parade, now lighted with a thousand lamps, and then taking their several ways, separated for repose, or for the enjoyments to which their several dispositions or habits may have led them. On returning to our hotel, a full stream was also flowing forth from both theatres; yet the streets were strikingly tranquil. The air and amusement had prepared, also, our appetites for something far more substantial than the ices and *schwartz-kaffee*, that we had partaken, during the evening, which we spent with a pleasure that we shall ever remember in the PEOPLE'S GARDEN, VIENNA.

LETTER XXIII.

SUNDAY AT VIENNA.

In Christendom, the manner in which the population, especially of a large city, spend the Sunday, forms, perhaps, the best illustration of their education, habits, prejudices, slavery of opinion, subservience to priestcraft, and the influence of legislation.

Sunday in London is unlike the same day in any town in Europe. The whole metropolis looks as if the plague had visited its population—melancholy seems to pervade all from east to west. It has an atmosphere of sadness, which seems despair to all who have been brought up or lived long on the Continent, and who are ignorant of our real virtues, as well as of the abominations and vice, which closed doors and window-shutters conceal.

Paris, again, is more joyous on Sunday than on any other day in the week. Not that the people rest altogether from their usual productive labours, but that by devoting its early hours to industry and profit, and its afternoon and evening to gaiety, its animation is never suspended. On visiting that city soon after the last revolution, having been for several years accustomed to the solemn Sabbaths of England and North America, the first Sunday I spent in the capital of France was to me uncommonly striking. I was almost prepared, in the orthodox charity of a true Calvinist, to denounce the nation as having, in the course of eternal justice, drawn down upon it the retributive judgment of all just heaven. I was accompanied by an excellent, amiable, and intelligent Canadian gentleman—of the old French school in his manners—a good Catholic, and liberal in politics and religion—yet even he, from the force of habit, was shocked at seeing the Parisians at work, instead of being at mass

On our walking out early in the morning, we had not a little difficulty in crossing the streets, in consequence of the vast number of hackney coaches, and cabriolets, and nondescript ve-

hicles, filled with parties going to enjoy the day in the country; and of numerous loaded waggons, some with hay, some with wine casks, others with medley loads. The shops, cafés, restaurans, were all open. We wended our way along the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, and turned into the church of the Assumption. Mass was performing; but the congregation consisted of only nine old women, three old men, seven little girls, and four boys, with three deformed beggars at the doors. When we left the church, rue St. Honoré was thronged. We met several detachments of national guards, horse and foot; also troops of the line, sappers and miners, horse artillery, and several baggage waggons. No church bells ringing, but the drums were beating in all quarters. As we turned down rue Castiglione, masons were at work on all the new buildings. We passed on to the Tuileries, where alterations were making in the palace and garden by the citizen king, and there also many were at work. At the same time a great movement of the populace across the Pont-Royal followed the crowd to the Champ de Mars. A grand review—30,000 line, guards and artillery. The artillery exercise was considered sublime, and the *fusillage* bril-

liant. The king and staff, Duke of Orleans, Soult, &c. were present, and a vast multitude assembled. We crossed over the Pont de l'Ecole militaire — hundreds of washerwomen and washermen were beating dirty linen to pieces, in the huge floating sheds moored on the river—several people dragging nets for fish. We proceeded to the Champ-Elysées—people amusing themselves and their children in seeing the exhibitions of mountebanks, grimaciers, and polichenello, and on the swinging machines and wooden horses suspended—good exercise. Walked on to the Tuileries gardens—Parisians, in great numbers, sitting on chairs, under the shade of majestic trees; some conversing, some promenading, some playing with their children, and many reading newspapers, or sipping lemonade or coffee. Spent two hours in the museum of the Louvre, where the bourgeois of Paris lounge each Sunday, admiring antique statues, and the old and new schools of painting, which my Canadian friend observed "is a better resort on the Sabbath than the London *blue-ruin chapels.*" We crossed over the Seine to the quai Voltaire—walked to the Pont neuf—books exposed in great numbers for sale along the quays—shops all open—caricatures of Louis

Philippe, grotesque, ridiculous, and political—portraits of Napoleon, the Duke of Reichstadt, and Napoleon's exploits, every where blazoned forth—proceeded to the Cathedral Notre Dame. A circle congregated near the entrance, listening apparently with much delight, to a man and woman singing a romaunt (ballad); the man at the same time accompanying on a tambourine, and a boy playing on the violin—no service in the cathedral. On the opposite side, stood a group round an Italian, playing on a barrel organ, and a woman singing a humorous ballad, in which naughty things were repeated of a priest and a woman in the Rue Montmartre—passed on to the site of the archbishop's palace, not one stone left over another—glorious privilege of a revolution, destruction without accountability,—came over the Pont neuf to the Palais-Royal, great crowds in the garden and in the Cabinets de lecture, reading newspapers, and talking politics. We read the journals—dined at the Café de Chartres, waiters doubly active, it being Sunday. We left the restaurant, like all the world for a café, sipped a demi-tasse and petit-verre—went to the Theatre Français.

The foregoing extract from a note book I

kept at the time, would be considered a most virtuous and *self-denial* sort of spending the Sabbath day in Paris: but the evangelicals of England and Scotland, would no doubt consign me or others who had done the same, not to only everlasting perdition, but eternal torment in consequence. To what further punishment would they doom those, who, in their ordinary course of passing or enjoying the day, on which we are commanded to do no work, attend the Sunday-stock exchange at Tortoni's in the afternoon, and in the evening frequent one or other of the numerous Sunday *fêtes-champetres* and balls,—laying aside fashionable soirées, Frascati's, or any one of the countless ecarté saloons of Paris?—From principle I abominate everything that partakes of gambling, I condemn debauchery in whatever shape; but as to the ordinary Sunday amusements of the Parisians, I am inclined to believe that they divert the mind and heart from, rather than incline them to, the vices and crimes that demoralize society. Of Sunday in foreign countries being a day of mischief, I have never heard; and, as to the commission of sin, who can presume to judge? How much more charitable and rational the belief, that the *Creator*, so long as his *creatures*

do one to another as they would reciprocally be done by, *will*, so long, not be displeased at seeing the mortals of his creation happy, in the enjoyment of those means of happiness which his providence hath given them? Is it not also presumption to arrogate that England, Scotland, and Anglo-America are, alone, infallible, to the exclusion of the rest of Christendom, in their interpretation of the fourth commandment? A noble foreigner,—not a Frenchman, of most amiable character, great experience, learning, and intelligence,—moral from principle, spent five months of the last year in England. I have long had the honour of his friendship; and since his return to the Continent, I have had frequent conversations with him on the domestic condition of England. He had travelled over most parts of the kingdom. He is much attached to rural life, having given much of his time to agriculture, grazing, and improving the breeds of live stock; on all which he has written, and, as a practical farmer in his own country, has been successful in most of his experiments. In England he associated with the nobles of the land, and with the country population. He spent several days with Mr.

Coke at Holkam. He considers England as possessing the most powerful elements of wealth and happiness. "Yet," said he, "there is a *dead weight* on society no where else to be found; and, with the extraordinary moral courage of your nation, I have been astonished that although hundreds spoke to me on the subject when I adverted to it, with them individually, not one had the hardihood to express the same opinions in society. This *dead weight* is that *chilling atmosphere of Puritanism* which renders the seventh part of English life intolerable to foreigners, and much of your society during the whole irksome. This Puritanism, which from the individual admissions made to me must in its general character be considered hypocritical,—is a NIGHTMARE that smothers your incomparable elements of happiness."

But as SCOTT, in Guy Mannering, *philosophically* remarks in regard to Bacon's and Sir Thomas Browne's implied belief in Astrology; "that the opinion was only sanctioned by those learned men, either because they durst not at once speak against the universal prejudice of their age, or because they themselves were not altogether freed from the contagious influence

of a prevailing superstition," so is it in regard to thousands in the United Kingdom, who silently repose beneath the *Puritanical nightmare* that overwhelms the society and the legislation of the Empire."

Sunday in Vienna is very different from the Parisian Sabbath. To observe the aspects, which present the lights and shadows of a capital, either on every day, or on any particular day, the best way, is to walk out in the morning, and afterwards to visit those resorts to which the people are in the habit of publicly frequenting.

On the first Sunday we spent in Vienna, the church bells were all ringing at six in the morning. I walked out at eight: all the shops were shut, and the iron doors and window-shutters, some of which painted dark green, but generally black, transformed the streets, so brilliant during the week, into the most funereal gloom. The industrious classes, who had *in reality* ceased to labour, were one by one, each with a prayer-book neatly bound in red or blue morocco with silver clasps, and a silver cross on the cover, hurrying to the churches.

Being at the time in the Eisen-platz,* near St. Stephen's cathedral, I walked to that magnificent temple—solemn silence prevailed—the priests at the high altar were kneeling before it —wax lights were burning on it—and also on all the lateral altars of the numerous chapels. In the aisles and chapels were old and young of both sexes,—all of them well dressed, kneeling towards the crucifixes, praying and crossing themselves in silence. Occasionally, the priests uttered an ejaculation aloud — a Gregorian chant accompanied by the solemn trombone followed. As the worshippers completed the usual number of prayers, they rose, one not regarding or knowing when the others performed the usual devotions;—and each, on walking off, and dipping a finger in the holy water, made the sign of the cross, and left the cathedral. In this way they continued to enter, repeat their prayers, and depart while I remained. The ordinary masses being performed,

* So named from the remains of the stump of a tree said to be one of the original forest, growing where Vienna stands. It is covered over with the heads of nails, driven into it by each blacksmith, on coming to work as such in the city.

with the exception of the chanting, chiefly in silence by the priests, without regard to the entrance or the departure of the worshippers.

I returned after breakfast, and found the citizens—probably of a higher grade in life, entering praying and departing as I had observed early in the day; and the ordinary mass still performing. The chapels of the cathedral, especially that of the Liechtenstein's, were now more numerously filled, but, as far as I could learn, indiscriminately by all who chose, or found room to kneel in them.

The cathedral of St. Stephen's in its magnificent extent,—in the height of its spire and towers, and in the richness of its gothic architecture ranks with those of Strasburg and Antwerp. The interior is more solemnly gothic than any other in Europe;—the architecture retains the colour given to it by the atmosphere of every age since the twelfth century. Its columns and vaulted roofs have never like those of France been violated by whitewashing. The paintings have also with the exception of an *Ecce-Homo*, attributed to Corregio, much of the old German school, and the monuments have nothing glaring in their character. The

tomb of Prince Eugène, of Savoy, has been the last of the mighty dead placed in St. Stephen's, "where he waits for other heroes!" as remarked by Madame de Stäel. There is little that is gothic in the other churches of Vienna. Most of them exhibit gilding, and gaudy images of the Virgin, with the most barbarous representations of crucifixes and dead Christs, that bad taste and priestly terror could represent to dupe or terrify poor ignorant superstitious humanity. The Virgin is invariably clad in silks and with a gold crown; the child usually decorated in the same fashion; and the crucifixes and dead Christs are too disgustingly horrible, even for the savage spirit of an American Indian to have conceived, in his most wrathful vengeance.

With these revolting exceptions, and without being influenced by the higher powers of that rational philosophy, and that intelligence which dispel the vapours that obscure our judgment, and overwhelm us in the shadows of superstition, we all, while treading the aisles and chapels of St. Stephen's, feel much of what Madame de Stäel expresses when speaking of this temple.

"No other edifice," says she, "is so patriotic

as a church. It alone is that in which all classes of the nation assemble together; that alone which recals not only public events, but the secret thoughts, and intimate affections which chiefs and citizens have carried into its sanctuary. The temple of the divinity represents the present as it does the ages that have passed. As I approached the tomb of Prince Eugène, I observed attached to one of the pillars that surrounded it, a paper on which was written, *that a young woman requested the prayers of the people during her sickness.* The name of this young woman was not even indicated: this was an afflicted being, addressing herself to unknown beings not for succour, but for their prayers. It is a pious usage among Catholics, and which we ought to imitate, to leave the churches always open. There are many occasions when we experience the want of such an asylum; and never can we enter without feeling an emotion which comforts the heart, and, as if by an holy absolution, it reinstates its strength and its purity."

High mass is not performed in all the churches on Sunday. After leaving the cathedral, and stopping a short time at the church

of the Capucins,* we proceeded to hear high mass at the church of St. Augustin.†

If there were not even religious devotion in the high masses of Vienna, the music alone, forms a splendid and an imposing attraction. The instrumental execution in the German churches may not be so powerfully impressive as the vocal orchestra at St. Peter's, Rome; but where else on earth can the public hear such exquisite music performed with such masterly excellence as at Vienna, and generally throughout Germany? At Munich, there is a military mass performed every Sunday, in the Old Jesuit's church. The instruments are all brass, and the effect is overpoweringly grand. In Vienna, military masses are less frequent, but they are executed in the highest style of grandeur. The musical genius of the people is

* In the vaults of the Capucins, are deposited the bodies of the deceased Imperial family: the hearts are placed in silver jars deposited in the church of St. Augustin, while the viscera are preserved in copper urns in the crypt of St. Stephen's.

† The finest monumental conception, executed by Canova, is considered to be that erected in this church to the memory of the late Christina of Austria, by her husband, the late Duke of Sachsen Teschen.

still more universally indulged on Sunday, than during the week. The musical society, consisting of from two to three thousand members, frequently assemble at their celebrated institution. The opera is more than usually rich in its representation and performance, and there are besides numerous concerts and balls. I have on one Sunday morning counted not less than twenty-five placards, announcing where the balls and concerts were to take place. After twelve o'clock, the masses are, I believe, all over. Before that hour, all ranks appeared, to me, devotedly attentive to their religious duties. After which, amusement seemed to be the order of the day. The shops are not opened. Neither worldly gain nor the morrow are thought of. We drove on the Sunday to which I allude, first to the Prater, where several families were driving up and down the avenues. We returned, and drove to Schönbrun. Crowded vehicles filled with citizens, besides many noble carriages were driving on the same route. The public gardens were enlivened by orderly people of all ages and sexes. We returned and dined with Baron D—'s family. As usual we retired soon after, and then, like all the world, went to the theatre. The play was Hamlet, and I

wished that the ghost of Shakspeare had (and for aught we know it may have) witnessed its masterly performance, in a language that so perfectly expressed what our immortal dramatist meant.

On returning to our hotel, the tranquil order of the town was in no wise disturbed. No disorder —no drunkenness—not a dram, beer, or wine shop open. The kaffees alone and the restaurateurs were ready to receive those who wanted refreshments after their amusements, which, are generally over about nine o'clock. Next morning, all were industriously attending to their occupations. No Monday morning drunken idlers as in London.

One traveller after another has given an immoral character to Vienna, that requires at least a passing remark. I cannot help thinking that their charity must also have been smothered by the *nightmare of Puritanism.* Mr. Russell says—

"This looseness of morals, so disgraceful to the Austrian capital, if not aided, is at least, very little restrained by religion; that happy self-satisfaction under certain iniquities, which only quickens our pace in the career of guilt, though it may not form any part of the doc-

trines of the Catholic church, is an almost infallible consequence of the deceptive nature of many parts of her ritual, and exists as a fact in every country where her hierarchy is dominant, and no extraneous circumstances modify its corrupting influence."

Without thinking that the more intelligent classes of the Viennese believe any of the ridiculous superstitions of the Catholic faith, I have no hesitation in saying, they are quite as sincerely devout as Protestant Christians; and, completely opposed as I am to the political constitution of the Romish church, I cannot but acknowledge that its influence on morals, produces at least, as much practical virtue as, and with less hypocrisy than, other denominations of Christianity.

LETTER XXIV.

THE ENVIRONS.

FROM the *outer*, or *police* boundary, of Vienna, there are fourteen *issues*, or gates, to the routes (*linien*) which lead to the country. Most of these routes are picturesque and animated. Hills, vales, woods, fields, villages, cattle, sheep, and other live stock, with often a thronged movement of carriages, waggons, riders, and walkers, on the road, that enliven and lend a pleasing interest to the landscape. Occasionally, we drive for several miles along one route, and then over another.

On passing through Leopoldstadt, to the *Tabor-linie*, so called, by its leading to the

grand route by the town of Tabor* in Bohemia, to Prague, we drive through a splendid wood, to the picturesque banks of the Danube, which we cross at the thriving manufacturing village of *Floridsdorf*, and then, by another thrifty place, Leopoldau, soon arrive at the fatal field of Aspern. Taking a drive in another direction, on the *Marxerdorferlinie*, the route to Hungary, we first pass Neu-gebäude (new building), an edifice in the oriental style, formerly a royal especial residence, now a depot for arms and ammunition. Then we come to Kaisersdorff, with its brisk hardware manufactory, artillery barracks, old castle, and park,—let us drive further on to Fishamend, which derives its name from an immense iron fish, that veers with the wind on the spire of an old church. Here there is a most important corn-market, several manufactures, fine meadows, and extensive vestiges of a Roman camp. The most classical ground is, however, further on, at Petronell, where, from the widely-spread traces of their occupation, the Romans had evidently one of their most important military positions. Here, also, was a famous battle fought between the

* This town was so named from Scripture, by the afterwards extirpated Hussites.

Austrians and Turks. If you are anxious to see tobacco manufactured on a large scale, as a government monopoly, drive on to Hainburg, also a Roman site, near the Danube, and there you will observe this weed in all its states of preparation.

On this route, you pass several old German castles, each with four round, bastion-like towers, in one of which you never fail to find what was once a prison. On the road, you probably meet with Hungarian noblemen, in their carriages, driving, more furiously than Jehu did of old, four sleek black horses towards the capital,—with Hungarian *freemen*, conducting large waggons, dragged by from six to twelve strong cattle, and loaded with woolpacks, corn, or wine,—and often with Hungarian serfs driving, under the direction of a leader, their master's swine to the Vienna market.

The route to Baden is, however, the most picturesque, and the most agreeable. Smiling villages along the road, and to the right and to the left—the holiday resorts of the Viennese; the valley of Briel, with its rocks and miniature alps, woods, parks, ruins, and *Lust-haus;* the old and new castles of Liechtenstein; Heilegen-Kreuz (Holy-cross), with its old Cistercian

abbey, and curious library; Mödling, at a short distance to the right, and the imperial chateau and park of Laxenburg a mile or two to the left, with numerous other picturesque objects and views, lie or rise in the direction of Baden, by or near the Marxerdorferlinie. Five or six miles further, close to the frontiers of Hungary, in a romantic neighbourhood, stands *Wiener Neustadt*, or New Vienna. It is, however, a long time since it was *new*, as its venerable Gothic church, built in 1186, attests. This town, with a population of 10,000 inhabitants, is a thriving manufacturing place, and possesses, besides the military academy, several institutions. A few miles east of Wiener Neustadt, within Hungary, is situated the lordly castle of *Eisenstadt*, Prince Esterhazy's chief country-seat,—and the home of hospitality.

Baden, in regard to situation, is one of the most agreeable of watering-places. It was always the favourite summer residence of the late, but not of the present emperor. Francis dwelt here with his family, Prince and Princess Metternich, and it may be said his whole court. All Vienna might then be said, especially on Sunday, to have been found at Baden; and among them the Emperor Franz, as un-

pretending as the most simple citizen. Since the death of Francis, Baden has apparently ceased to be a fashionable resort. It was always tranquil; no rioting, no gambling, as at Aix-la-Chapelle, was ever heard or known at Baden. Its rural charms, its promenades amidst sylvan solitudes, and its neighbourhood to the Schneeberg and other alps,—the delicious valley of St. Helena,—and, exclusive of its wells, the material comforts and conveniences it affords to those who wish to retire for a time from the fatigue of town formalities, or from the labours of business, render Baden, in my opinion, a very agreeable retreat. But two classes only will consider it so—the stupid-lazy, who wish to live undisturbed, with their physical desires supplied without trouble to themselves; and the intellectual man, who wants relief from the fatigues of his position in life, and leisure to think, unannoyed by those interruptions, either of routine business, or of fashionable formalities, which destroy so much of our moral existence.

In whatever direction we diverge from the capital of Austria, the material condition of the population will appear remarkably satisfactory. Not even a shade of that haggard

wretchedness, which so frequently presents its squalid forms, amidst the splendid wealth of the British metropolis, and its vast province of environs, appears either in the city, or neighbourhood of Vienna: nor, as far as I have been able to discern, in any part of the archduchy of Austria.

The dwellings of the farmers and peasantry are, taking them altogether, by far the best in Europe. I have travelled over different parts of the country in cold weather, and the cheerful fires blazing day and night, even in the meanest house, formed a delightful contrast to the shivering condition of the French peasantry, who, although otherwise tolerably independent, are, by a cruel system of commercial legislation, prevented the opportunity of burning cheap fuel.

There are no poor-rates in Austria, nor would it appear that there was any necessity for such an exaction. There must, no doubt, be many cases that require relief; but I am told, this is never denied by the monastic and other communities, of whom I shall hereafter have occasion to speak. I have had such frequent opportunities of witnessing the difference of condition, between Protestants and

Catholics, strikingly unfavourable to the latter, in different parts of Europe, especially in Rhenish Prussia, and in contrasting Savoy with the environs of Geneva, and with the Pays de Vaud, that I have been at times almost ready to attribute the difference to the effect of catholicism on thrift and industry. But when we are acquainted with the opulent condition of the inhabitants of East and West Flanders, and of the provinces of Antwerp and Brabant, who are, perhaps, the most *priest-ridden* people in the world,—and with the generally easy state of the whole population of Bavaria, and the comfortably independent material condition of the Austrian manufacturing and agricultural classes, it appears indisputable that, although the holidays of the church withdraw from industry a portion of labour, which protestantism does not claim, either for devotion or feasting, there are causes altogether independent of religion, which render, whenever it is observable, the material situation of the Catholics inferior, as is frequently the case, especially in Ireland, to that of the Protestants. This subject is of important consideration to the legislator and publicist. During my excursions in various parts of the continent, it has engaged my attention. In

North Germany, Bavaria, Bohemia, Austria, Moravia, and lately during an excursion by steam down the Danube, through Hungary, and in the course of my return by land (of which I have not yet been able, but will give you an account), I have particularly endeavoured to ascertain the condition of the people, and how far their material prosperity or material wretchedness may be attributed to the nature of the government, and to the spirit of religion. The latter has its undoubted influence on the moral state, and to a certain degree on the material. But to government, education, and the structure of society (as I may on a future occasion be more fully able to explain to you from examples drawn from the several states of the Austrian empire), must be attributed the well-being, or ill-conditioned state of the people in all countries.

LETTER XXV.

THE KAHLENBERG.

A ride to the heights of the *Kahlenberg* would be delightful, were it only for the splendid view which this celebrated eminence commands. On the way, we pass through one of the principal suburbs, and when we attain the summit we look down upon Vienna as on an alto-relievo map—over the Prater and over the Danube branching and uniting until its magnificent stream is lost in the far distant view as it flows into Hungary—hills, distant alps, woods, valleys, villages, country-seats, farms, pastures, and cattle, spread far and wide, with a monastic edifice, and a church near to where we stand, combine to fill up the rich features of a splendid landscape.

The celebrated Prince de Ligne* had a summer residence here, and in the vault underneath the decent chapel of the Kahlenberg, repose the ashes of that nobleman, who left few behind him of a school that shed a dignified, yet graceful and animated lustre over the society of the age, which ensured a respect from its exterior manners—delighting while it commanded, and distinguished more by the fascination of address and language, than by the more solid acquirements of useful and profound knowledge.

The Prince de Ligne was, however, much more than a man of the world—he was a man of genius, as his voluminous memoirs and other works amply testify. Delightful in conversation, beyond all others who resided at that time at Vienna, even more so, it is said, than any of the many illustrious distinguished personages who were assembled at the congress, wit and satire on measures and manners, seldom on individuals, were eminently his gifts.

Things are repeated at Vienna, far longer after their occurrence, than with us. We have constantly occurring subjects of exciting interest —the politics, the literature, and the men and

* He died in 1814, during the congress at Vienna.

measures of the day, afford a superabundant supply of colloquial food. At Vienna they have, and they consider it safer, to feast, except in material subjects, on the usual trifling common day occurrences, or on reminiscences of the past. There is not a Fürstin or Grafin, above thirty years of age, that cannot repeat some sprightly saying or anecdote of the Prince de Ligne.

The snug box, rather than seat, which he occupied on the Kahlenberg, was indeed often filled by his real friends. Here he invoked the muses, and sought relaxation from the fatigues of courtly amusements,—and with a few friends, lived for them, and for himself.*

It stands, I believe, on the very spot which

* On the front of the building, immediately overlooking the Danube, the prince had cut the following lines, written by himself.

" Margraves, Polonais, Turcs, et saints, tour à tour,
Rendirent autrefois célèbre ce séjour ;
C'est à present celui de la philosophie
Du calme, de l'esprit, du bonheur de la vie.
Notre âme s'aggrandit par des grands souvenirs,
Mais la meilleure histoire est celle des plaisirs
Sans remords, sans regrets, sans crainte, et sans envie
La Nature se montre en son bel appareil
Et on se croit ici favori du soleil."

John Sobieski occupied at the head of the thirty thousand brave Poles, with whom he defeated the greatly superior force of Kara Mustapha, and saved not only Vienna, but perhaps the whole dominion of Leopold. After the battle, Sobieski writes to the queen his wife, "Blessed be the God of arms, who has given us victory, and glory unequalled,—routed and put the enemy to flight: their artillery and a great battery, and the powder magazines with powder worth a million, are ours. The oxen, the sheep and the camels, are fallen to the lot of our soldiers."

Then after reciting in a most interesting and peculiar manner, the events of the battle, he proceeds:

"The emperor has sent me a hasty letter, saying he is setting out to see me, but as I am going in pursuit of the enemy, I may not be able to see him.

"The reverend father Marius Ariano, assures me, that he saw during the battle *a white dove* hovering above our heads.

"I shall write to the King of France as the *most christian king*, to tell him of the victory that has saved Christianity.

"Let Christianity rejoice and return thanks

to the Almighty, who hath not suffered that the infidels should longer say, 'Where now is your God?'"

After Sobieski had completely routed the Turks, he met the Emperor Leopold: but the latter disdained to embrace his deliverer. This arrogant haughtiness of presumed dignity was, until the reign of Joseph II., as much the characteristic of the house of Hapsburg, as of that of Spain. The gallant Sobieski, who might have revenged it on the spot, and it would perhaps have been well for the Polish nation if he had, returned with his brave but ill-requited army to his own country.

LETTER XXVI.

ROYAL EXILES AND ROYAL VISITERS.

FRENCHMEN have little to do with Austria. Few of them have visited the empire, except as invaders. But French princes have resorted to it in adversity, and sometimes in prosperity.

The ex-royal family of France, since their sojourn in these dominions, have exhibited a spirit of restlessness, which has been far from agreeable to the court of Vienna. Charles X., who has become more uneasy in his disposition as he advances in years, is the principal cause of this unsettled state of the family. His passion for hunting increases in the same degree; and he is perpetually fancying that he shall be happier in some other place than that which he inhabits. This is often the infirmity of old

age. The Duke and Duchess of Angoulême follow him steadfastly. They have been spending part of the season at Töplitz. The Duke of Bourdeaux, really a very amiable young man, but not apparently gifted with the mind and spirit, ever likely to rule a great nation, accompanies his grandfather; but, occasionally visits other places than the temporary residence of the ex-monarch, and has, some time ago, been examining all that is curious in Dresden, where he has been received with the honours due to royalty. His mother is the most troublesomely restless of the family. It would seem that without the least judgment, she is perpetually dreaming of some mischief. They have, altogether, lately wandered down to Linz, and are about passing the winter in the Schloss of Erla, Goritz,* not far from Schönbrun. This is

* Charles died soon after at Goritz. Restlessness is often the precursor of dissolution; and he exhibited this until he was sensible that death was meddling with him. He then calmly gave himself over to his religious director. His demise, although the court has gone *pro forma* into mourning, creates no change in the views entertained at this court in regard to France. The principle of non-interference being that of the emperor and Prince Metternich.

certainly neither agreeable to the court, nor to Prince Metternich: but they will not imbitter the last days of a wrong-headed old man, whose incorrigible folly, and the madness of his family, drove him from a throne to wander in humiliation amidst a people whose habits are little in unison with the French character. What a lesson does this obstinate man, and his unwise advisers, afford to those who are at the head of governments?

The Carlists have annually visited Charles the Tenth in his exile. A few of them, with Marmont, have taken up their abode here. M. Berryer is now in this city, with some other Carlists from Paris. The deputy of legitimacy has been much in society, but he will find it impracticable to interest Prince Metternich so far, as to lead him into any measure, which will have for its object, to restore the elder family of the Bourbons.

While the dethroned monarch of France and his heirs have thus been wanderers in a foreign land, the sons of the reigning King of the French have been visiting the courts of North and South Germany in a far different character.

It was our lot to have arrived at Trêves,* on our return from Saxony last May, on the same evening that the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours entered that fine old city.

They were received with high honours, and they seemed much struck with the handsome military appearance of the Prussian troops, all consisting of tall young men, none above twenty-five years old, who, in their remarkably fine and well-made uniforms, and stately attitudes, contrasted wonderfully with the little, bronzed, ugly-clad, but brave French soldiery. Bands of music assembled in the evening, on the large square before the hotel at which the royal dukes put up; and next morning, the troops of the garrison were reviewed by them.

The princes afterwards proceeded on their journey to Berlin, halting at Coblentz and Ehrenbreitstein, to view those extraordinary

* We had crossed from Mayence, by way of Bingen and Simmern, over the mountains, to the Moselle. The road is one of the worst in Europe; and on descending to the Moselle for about five miles, we were obliged to walk, our carriage being, in many places, rather carried down by men, than dragged by horses; but the exquisite scenery of the Moselle upwards, and the road by Luxemburg, with that extraordinary fortress itself, more than repaid us for the fatigues we experienced before reaching Trêves.

fortresses, before which the armies of the revolution had displayed such gallant bravery.

Whatever ideas may have been entertained of legitimacy, not only the court of Berlin, but that of Vienna, has received the sons of Louis-Philippe, the citizen king, with the utmost honours that would be extended to the most uninterrupted descendants of royal succession.

At Vienna, the court and the people received them with the utmost respect. They descended at Prince Metternich's palace, and, on the following day, were visited by the archdukes. They were presented to the emperor and empress at Schönbrun, and at the same time to the archduchess, Maria Theresa.* In every respect, they have been placed on an equal footing with the imperial family.† They dined with the emperor and empress, who invited, at the same time, the archdukes and duchesses, and also the Duke and Duchess of

* It has been stated malevolently in the papers, that this princess would not see the sons of Louis-Philippe.

† It must be also recollected that they are near relatives—the mother of the Duke of Orleans, and the father of the Archduchess Theresa, being first cousins.

Anhalt-Kothen, and the Duchess of Lucca, to meet them. They speak German well; and their conversation with the imperial family was always in that language. They have dined with the Archduke Charles, and Prince Metternich has given them a ball. They have had, also, a court-ball; and some Carlist dames intrigued, to dissuade those of the old nobility from attending. On the Princess Metternich mentioning this to her husband, he smiled, and said, "If the graces be there, it is better that the *harpies* should stay away."

Whether the object of the Duke of Orleans, in visiting the Austrian court, has or has not been a marriage, it is evident that a proposal of the kind would not be entertained either by the emperor or by his minister. The Duke of Orleans, personally, is unexceptionable. He is just the man whom the archduchess would love to marry; but *policy* will not permit it. The throne of Louis-Philippe is not considered secure. An *émeute*, or assassination, may overturn all. The last Austrian princess, who shared the throne of France, has been returned to her father's dominions. The former had her head cut off, by the judgment of a blood-

thirsty tribunal. It is insecurity, and not personal considerations, that prevents the sovereigns of Germany accepting an alliance with the Duke of Orleans.

Soon after their departure, the widowed King of Naples, their cousin, arrived, rather *incognita* at Vienna. He met the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours, attended by Count Zichy, brother to the Princess Metternich, at Milan. I was not at Vienna when the King of Naples arrived, but was at Munich, when he came in a very humble way to that city, on his way to Paris. Although I was living at the same hotel, the Cerf d'Or, I did not know he was in the house, until, one day on my going out, I met the Count de Bourgouin, the French minister, coming in, when he told me he was going to pay his respects to the King of Naples. It was then believed that he was going to Paris in order to marry one of his cousins, the amiable and beautiful daughter of Louis-Philippe. Without exception, I thought him, when meeting him, before knowing who he was, the most uncouth-looking man, in gentleman's clothes, that I had ever seen; and when I was made acquainted with his rank, I saw no reason to change my opinion. Yet he is to wed one of the most

lovely women in the world—the Archduchess Maria Theresa, of Austria.*

How much happier, thought I, might she be, with one of the Emperor's princely, handsome, and good subjects in *Morgantischer Ehe?*

* On the 23rd of December following, this princess was married at Vienna, by proxy, to the King of Naples. The dowry has been great;—the settlement ample,—and the *trousseau* so rich and varied, as to continue long a topic of admiration. Soon after the ceremony, she left Vienna to meet her husband at Ancona, or some nearer point of Italy.

LETTER XXVII.

LEFT-HANDED MARRIAGES.

I FIRST heard, without well comprehending the meaning, the term 'Left-handed marriages', or *Morgantischer Ehe*, at Munich, where some members of the royal family have had the philosophical courage, at the expense of princely dignity, to marry those they loved and with whom they knew they could be happy, rather than ally themselves politically with those with whom they might probably have no community of feelings, affections, or ideas. But these marriages, virtuous and *christian* in celebration as they are, do not figure on the leaves of the *Gothaischer-genealogischer-Hof-Kalender*, or on those of other *courtly* or *gothic* registers.

At that picturesque and charming watering-place Töplitz, I spent a few weeks the first year I visited Germany. Although many of those who congregate to Töplitz, *Carlsbad* and Marienbad,—those favourite resorts of the most distinguished families of Germany, and also of Italians, Russians, Poles, and Hollanders, may, no doubt have been in some degree afflicted with chronic (seldom other) complaints, the great majority are attracted to those fashionable wells, for the pleasures of society; in which the usual formalities are greatly softened down by all appearing on a footing of respectful, but not familiar equality.

It is especially at the watering-places of Bohemia, that we discover more truly than elsewhere, the real excellences of Germanic character,—that the *Iron Mask* of aristocratic incumbrance, is thrown aside, and where the German nobleman is found to be the intelligent, quiet, well-bred gentleman.

The public promenades,—the *table d'hôtes*, and the balls, bring all the visiters together. The beautiful drives, the baths, the theatres also, divert much of the time; and it is seldom that the hours seem too long.

At Carlsbad and Marienbad we passed, at

each, two happy weeks. At Töplitz, besides partaking, with hearts free from care, and our constitutions in healthy order, of all the ordinary recreations of the place, we often strayed away on horseback, and sometimes on foot, to revel amidst the scenery of the richly-wooded mountains and valleys of the neighbourhood. The valley of Töplitz itself is one of the most picturesque and richly varied in Bohemia; and the buildings, grounds, gardens, and woods,—fountains and ponds, with temples and statues, render this fashionable resort one of the most charming in its landscape.

At the period I allude to, the King of Prussia, according to his continued annual custom, was spending the season, as a private gentleman, at Töplitz. He was accompanied by the Princess Legnitz, his wife, by *Morgantischer Ehe*, a beautiful young woman,* of very engaging manners. It is not easy, were it desirable, to forget her pleasant unshowy levees or parties, given in the *schloss* garden, a beautifully laid out spot, belonging, with its chateau, to Prince Clary. There, was Frederick William

* Only now thirty-six years old, and twenty-four on her marriage, agreeably to the Lutheran service, to the king.

himself, plain, accessible, and in conversation only remarkable for intelligence and unornamented good sense.

Annually, since that period, has the King of Prussia and his wife, with their familiar friends, and a portion of their court, spent the usual season at Töplitz, and drawn thither, at the same time, some of the first families of Germany.

Removed by choice for a great part of the year from the capital, Archduke John, of Austria, resides upon his lands in Styria. There he lives in happy simplicity, with an amiable wife, by a left-handed marriage. This marriage was grounded on reason and affection. He considered that if he married a royal princess, his offspring would be included with the already too multiplied number, who, with their probable descendants, must live out of the civil list allowance of the empire; he, in consequence, wisely determined on marrying a woman formed to be loved, and fitted to be his friend and companion, as well as a proper mother for his offspring. For the benefit of the latter, whom he is determined not to leave as heritages to be provided for by the country, he is turning

his lands and mines to the best account that can be effected by well applied skill.

His knowledge and scientific abilities rank him high; but his personal character,—which exalts him more truly, and his general conduct in Styria, endear him to all who know, or who hear of him, throughout that mountain region.

LETTER XXVIII.

SCHONBRUN.—THE DUKE OF REICHSTADT.

SCHÖNBRUN, two miles from Vienna, is the palace which the present emperor has chosen for his summer residence: BADEN having been the favourite dwelling of his father. The palace of Schönbrun is an enormous pile, nearly as monotonous in its architecture as that of Versailles, and, although the hills and dales of the former allowed full picturesque scope to the landscape gardener, the formal style of *Le Notre* has been servilely imitated. Here there is a vast park (the Thiergarten) eight to nine miles in extent, with herds of deer, wild boars, hares, pheasants, &c., in plenty. Here the imperial lovers of the chase occasionally indulge in sporting, without the fatigue of passing over very extensive, or

very difficult grounds. Here also is another park with flower-gardens, a tolerably extensive menagerie, and an admirable botanic garden, with the highest glass-houses in Europe, and within which, tall tropical forest-trees, attain their full growth. On the high eminence behind the palace, stands the gloriette, a large structure, consisting chiefly of columns, built for ornament, not use. From this point, the view is magnificent, overlooking all Vienna, and a rich surrounding country. At Schönbrun, the people have not been forgotten; for, here also they have a public garden, with eating-houses, and music and dancing rooms: all crowded in summer and autumn, especially on Sundays.

The tapestry, the mirrors, the lustres, the Bohemian glass, of the palace, exhibit the most splendid specimens of the manufactures of the empire. Several pictures are by the great masters, and the largest saloon has its ceiling painted by Guglielmi. It is in truth a residence fit for emperors. But Schönbrun palace is not celebrated on that account, but as the palace in which Napoleon, twice as the conqueror of Vienna, held his court, and as that in which the Duke of Reichstadt expired, on the same

bed, and in the same chamber in which his father slept.

The imperial court has been accused, especially by the Bonapartists in France, of keeping that young man, not only ignorant of his father's history, but of limiting his personal liberty to little more than that of a state prisoner, and even of hastening his dissolution by slow poison. Never were accusations so utterly false.

I was in Paris in August, 1832, when events, auspicious, solemn, bloody, severe, joyous, melancholy, and political, had followed each other with such rapidity during the previous month, that the Parisians had certainly no cause to complain of the absence of variety and excitement.

In the midst of those events, the *fils de l'homme*, the son of Napoleon, *ci-devant* King of Rome, and Duke of Reichstadt, expired at the age of twenty-one, in the palace of Schönbrun.

This intelligence created more sensation in Paris, than I was prepared to believe. There was evidently a strong feeling in his favour; not that he could have ever reigned over the nation, at least not for a long period. But the

party, long enrolled under the banners of the empire, was still numerous in France; and they had, as yet, gained nothing from the expulsion of the Bourbons.

Prints illustrating the death, inscriptions pretending to be the last words, and engravings of the *apotheosis* of the King of Rome, filled nearly all the windows of the printshops and libraries of Paris.

In one, he was represented conveyed by the imperial eagle to the celestial regions, where Napoleon receives him amidst his staff.

In another, he was represented amidst several persons with his mother in attendance, and in dying, grasping the sword of his father.

In a third, Napoleon, in heaven, was observed surrounded by Ney, Labedoyere, Kleber, Desaix, Lefebvre, Lannes, Foy, Lamarque, and other generals of renown, in the act of embracing his son.

The journalist and pamphleteer had been far from silent on this occasion. One imaginative writer said, "Le cancer politique avait pompé goutte à goutte la vie de ce prince auquel avait été destiné le plus beau *trône* du monde, et qui se vit mourir vierge de la couronne; lui qui était né roi."

"Unfortunate young man," says another, "you who were so *great* in your *cradle*, who have perished so far from your country, an involuntary exile (dans une espèce d'exil *au milieu d'une cour perfide*, qui l'avait depuis longtemps immolé)."

"Traitors," exclaims a third, "dare not approach this sacred urn! It contains the ashes of the King of Rome, of the *child* of the empire and of France (cet enfant de l'empire et de la France). Frenchmen! it is to you alone that the honours of his tomb, the elevation of his monument, and the preservation of his memory, appertains. Come forth, warriors of the grand army, faithful followers of the imperial eagle! You, all, whose hearts have leaped in the ardour of carrying our bright standards into the capitals of Europe! In the glorious name of the God of battles, come forth, come all, bring your tributes of regret. *The son of the great man is no more!* Nothing now remains of Napoleon, but the eternal *recollections* of *his* glory, and *our* triumphs. Here sleeps his mortal posterity."

"Awaken, ye magnanimous shades!" says a fourth, "form your lines! Kleber! Desaix! Lannes! Bessières; Duroc! Poniatowsky!

assemble your legions. Napoleon the Second! the son of the man, is about to pass amongst you! Prepare for his illustrious, immortal, and triumphal entry into your eternal abodes! You, also, inspired lyric bards, with floating silver locks, sing your war songs! Strike your resounding harps! Thou, likewise, courier of war, eagle imperial, for whom there is no further asylum on earth, precede and announce the son of Rome and France, then revolve eternally in the heavens.

"Tender victim of barbarous feeling, advance amidst a glorious *cortége* of immortality. Son of Napoleon, rejoin thy father, thou wilt find him in the company of Alexander and Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Alfred, the first among heroes. *His statue* remains to be admired on earth, the altar at which we adore his shrine, is written in our hearts.

"The emperor expired a captive on the shores of an enemy, environed by the surges of the Atlantic; he bequeathed the opprobrium of his death to the reigning family of England; his testament is registered in heaven; posterity, from age to age, will record it on earth. His son leaves the opprobrium of his obscurity and death, to the house of Austria—to the father of

tions made by the Bonapartists against the court of Vienna.

The quiet life which the Austrian court prefers, is certainly the most agreeable to its members; for assuredly they might, were they so disposed, live as licentiously as ever did the court of Madame de Maintenon, without creating discontent on the part of their pleasure-loving subjects.

The Duke of Reichstadt, after his mother's going to Parma and her marriage, was brought up among the imperial family, but he was at all times allowed the most perfect freedom. The old race had been replaced by the *allied powers* of Europe, on the throne of France; and there was no court, and scarcely a man of common judgment, who entertained the idea that the son of Napoleon would become a crowned head. He was, however, the grandson, legitimately born, of the Emperor of Austria, and there is no denying, that Francis entertained a strong affection for the child. Not that the latter would ever have had the opportunity of acquiring celebrity in Austria.

The grandfather, however, knew well that every human being must have occupation of some kind; and, that the more discreetly such

employment was directed, the more regular would the habits of the mind become. His grandson was also to be considered an Austrian prince, if not legitimately, at least consistently, with his imperial relationship.

The boy was nearly five years of age before he left France; his memory was remarkably retentive, he *did*, indeed, recollect the column Vendôme, and the military splendour of his father's court. He, however, seldom spoke on the subject; he seemed to feel it would be an impropriety to do so in his grandfather's dwelling. Some time after his arrival at Vienna, while he was playing with the imperial children, one of whom found a silver medal, which happened to be one of those struck in honour of the birth of Napoleon's son. It was shown the latter, by the young archduke, saying, "whose bust is that?"

"C'est moi, quand j'étais Roi de Rome," eagerly replied the young Napoleon.*

* Madame Montesquiou used to say, that when she took him from the Tuileries, he wept bitterly, held fast by the curtains and said, "This is my father's house, and I will not leave it." The child, like other children, may very probably have cried according to his humour of the moment. Nurses, governesses, and tutors, have emi-

The disposition of his mind is said to have been from the first, military: most boys have the same propensity, and the emperor *wisely* decided, that he should accordingly be educated for that profession: taking Prince Eugène for his model, who, although not of the imperial family, nor yet an alien, was one of the most celebrated Austrian generals.

It appears that the restraint to which the boy was limited, was merely that he should not be allowed any communication with the adventurers or agitators of France. He had attendants, who anticipated his most slightly intimated wishes, and obeyed every order. He had instructors, books, horses, equipages, always at his command. The parks, the chase, always open to him. Yet they say he was uneasy and restless; that he felt as if he were imprisoned; that intercourse with mankind was denied him, as he saw nothing of Frenchmen; that he could not bear to hear German spoken, yet when it was decided that he should learn that language he acquired a knowledge of it, so as to speak it with facility in a remarkably short time.

nently the gift of making great men's babies say more wonderfully *inherent* things, than the brats of ordinary people are capable of uttering.

Meantime, he grew up with a sickly constitution, an active mind, and habits of thinking, far older than his age. Some of the most interesting particulars of his life, are stated by M. Foresti, who lived with him as tutor for sixteen years.

"From the very first," says M. Foresti, "he was good-natured to his inferiors, friendly to his tutor, seldom lively in expressing his feelings, he obeyed only his convictions, and always began with resistance.

"He gave me many proofs of the command he had over himself. Amongst others, this:—Up to the time of Maria Louisa's departure for Parma he was accustomed to the greatest affection and attention from Madame Marchand, mother of the first valet-de-chambre of the emperor: she remained with him all night, and every morning was the object of his infantine caresses. She attended him at his rising, and had the care of dressing him. On the departure of his mother, Madame Marchand returned to France at the same time with M. de Bausset, who also had a great affection for the prince. Henceforward I slept in his room at night. I dreaded, on the first morning, he would give way to grief on finding that his affectionate

nurse was gone. On waking, however, he spoke to me without hesitation, and with calmness astonishing for his age, said, 'M. Foresti, I wish to rise.' "

After that M. Collin, one of the few dramatic writers of merit, of which Vienna can boast, was appointed one of the tutors to the Duke of Reichstadt, some interesting particulars are related by M. Foresti; among others, that the adventurous creation of the liberal writer De Foe, was one of the stories imparted to instruct and interest the boy, who had entertained a sort of antipathy to poetry on account of its variance with truth.

"The poetic genius of Collin appeared to triumph somewhat over this obstinate resolution to reject every thing which did not appear to be correct in all the exactitude of truth. On the heights which overlook Schönbrun, on the right of the arcades of La Gloriette, and at the bottom of a dark avenue of trees, there is a spot, which shuts out all view of Vienna, by thickets and impervious wood; a spot from which nothing can be seen but the romantic yet solitary aspect of mountains, smiling valleys, and rugged peaks, that go on ascending and ascending until they reach the lofty elevation of

the summits of the Schneeberg. Here there is a chalet, after the fashion of Switzerland, or rather of the Tyrolese mountains, called the Tyrol's house. In this rustic abode and in its neighbourhood, there is nothing to remind the spectator of the vicinity of a great capital. To this wild solitude Collin would frequently conduct the young duke. He there related to him the history of Robinson Crusoe. The imagination of the child was delighted with the tale, and solitude and silence completed the illusion: the duke fancied himself in a desert, and Collin proposed that he should set himself to fabricate such utensils as would be necessary to him, were he under the necessity of providing for his own subsistence under similar circumstances. He accomplished the task with skill. A collection has been made of these articles: they are placed in the pavilion, which still retains the name of the Duke of Reichstadt's house. The tutor and his pupil, by their joint industry, scooped out a cavern, resembling that described as the abode of Crusoe on his island."

Alluding to the restless curiosity of young Napoleon regarding his father, M. Foresti says, "It was for us a kind of torture. Happily the emperor came at length; we informed him of

the incessant questions put to us by the prince, and begged his instructions. The emperor said:—'Truth must be the basis of the prince's education,—answer his questions frankly,—it is the only way to calm his imagination,—of inspiring him with that confidence necessary for you, who have to conduct his instructions.'

"At first he overwhelmed us with questions, and exhibited a flow of ideas perfectly surprising. Finding ourselves authorized, we answered him with perfect candour. That which the emperor foresaw came to pass. After a few days, the prince was satiated with the conversation, and then became more calm, more reserved on the subject. It may seem incredible, but it is nevertheless true, that at no time, under any circumstances, was he ever heard to utter a word of regret in connexion with it. Later in life, he was fully aware of the faults his father had committed, but it was a subject to which he never alluded!

"The news of Napoleon's death was brought to Vienna by one of Rothschild's couriers. The Count of Dietrinhstein (the superior governor) being absent from Vienna, the emperor charged me to communicate the melancholy intelligence to the young prince. He was then ten years

of age. It was the 22d July, at Schönbrun: in the same place, on the same day, on which he himself, eleven years after, was doomed to die, that I announced to him the death of his father. He wept bitterly, and his sorrow endured for several days. 'M. Foresti,' said he to me, 'my father little thought that when he died you would be the person from whom I should receive such kindness and affection.' "

This alluded to an anecdote which the tutor had told him. M. Foresti had been taken prisoner by the French, and, at head-quarters, was treated with some harshness by the emperor.

The education of the youth was, it must be admitted, consigned to the care of the most able masters in Vienna. Of the classics he studied and mastered most of those generally taught, but he disregarded all but Cæsar's commentaries. Geography, mathematics, military tactics, and the sciences generally, were included in the course of his studies. The modern languages were not neglected. He wrote a sketch of Prince Schwartzenberg's life, and several papers in Italian. No book relative to the French revolutions,—to the wars,—or to his father, were kept from him. He read his-

tory and travels with avidity,—made notes, and in military studies he exhibited an ardour, which, it was evident, his frail form could never endure to realize. From the first, he was made to know his military distinction had been accorded to his own predilection. At the age of seven, he was clad in a private's uniform, and took his turn as sentinel at the door of the emperor's saloons. When members of the court passed, he presented arms to men—never to women, saying, when spoken to on the subject, "I am ready to present all but arms to ladies." He passed (*pro forma* of course), through the grades of sergeant and every other rank until that of colonel of a regiment of foot. He usually sat next the archdukes at the emperor's table; while quite a boy, he once attempted to take one of the bottom chairs. Being asked, why? he said, "I observe generals here, my superior officers—they have a right to their place above me." He is said to have always disliked associating with children and women: saying his place was amongst men.

M. de Montbel says that "until the young prince approached manhood, he was allowed to read every work he chose, and to form his own conclusions; that afterwards no less a personage

than Prince Metternich gave him, under the style of historical lectures, a full view of imperial policy; and in sketching his father's history, illustrated, that inordinate ambition was sure to end in a downfal, equal to the height to which it has elevated the most triumphant conqueror."

It is certain that the emperor and Prince Metternich, had not only secured the affection, but the entire confidence of young Napoleon; and that he never concealed from them any communications made to him (and they were many) from France and Italy.

Although his acquaintances were numerous, he appears to have been extremely slow in admitting friendships. He accompanied the emperor in most of his excursions. When at Styria there sat next him one day at the emperor's table, M. Prokesch, the oriental traveller and military writer. Young Napoleon turned to the latter, saying, "I have long known you—your account of the battle of Waterloo has greatly pleased me—I have translated it into Italian."

They soon became and continued intimate friends, and often discussed together the battles and political career of Napoleon. An interest-

ing German pamphlet, entitled a letter on the Duke of Reichstadt, is ascribed to the pen of M. Prokesch. The writer states that the throne of France was the object that occupied the soul of young Napoleon, which he enthusiastically hoped to ascend by the universal demand of France, with the sanction of all Europe. It is not stated whether he ever intimated this ambitious conception, to the emperor or to Prince Metternich, but it is not concealed that he has expressed to both the high character and place which it was necessary for him to attain as the son of Napoleon. The Revolution of 1830 must have agitated his mind, and it is known that many attempts to excite him into active movement towards France were made at that period.* His beautiful and spirited cousin, Napolione Camerata, found her way to Vienna, and had a letter placed on his table, such in spirit as a Diana Vernon, or a Flora Mac Ivor would have written, to animate the youth to a grand attempt upon France. She even managed to seize the opportunity of

* One of the projects was a plan to carry him off by stratagem from Vienna.

kissing his hand on his entering the imperial saloons.

His military studies were now pursued with enthusiastic ardour. He read Montécuculli,—the memoirs of Prince Eugène, Vaudencourt, Jomini, Segur, and other works. He also wrote at considerable length rules of *self-conduct*, in which he prescribed his duties through life, and entered also into an examination of his position in regard to Austria and France, with the difficulties surrounding him, and the means of escaping them,—how to attain glory,—to moderate ambition,—and to secure honourable fame. This manuscript the prince afterwards destroyed, in consequence of particular circumstances, with which no one makes us acquainted.

Until he was nineteen years of age, he did not appear in what, generally speaking, is considered society, except in that of the imperial family, and of those admitted to their court. He frequented the theatres, and often followed the chase; but at all times he evinced a much more ardent predilection for study than for gaiety, or the amusements of other youths.

During the bacchanalian carnival of Vienna,

in January, 1831, he appeared first in general society, at the British ambassador's (Lord Cowley). There, among many others, were present, the representative of Charles X., in the person of Count de Kentzigen; Marshal Maison, ambassador of the Citizen King; Marshal Marmont, Napoleon's early aide-de-camp; and, as if to represent vicissitudes still more prominently, there was Gustavas Vasa, hereditary heir to the throne of Sweden; and Lowenheilm, minister of Napoleon's rival, as a French general, Charles John Bernadotte. Young Napoleon, with Prince Metternich's approbation, entered into immediate conversation with Marmont. The latter engaged to give the former, a course of military lectures, making the campaigns of the youth's father the text. This engagement was satisfactorily fulfilled.

In June following, the Duke of Reichstadt was appointed, as lieutenant-colonel, to take the command of a battalion of Hungarian foot, then garrisoned in the capital. His exertions became now unwearied; but his treacherous malady had already crept beneath his vitals. The morbidity of his precocious genius was evident to all. His voice failed when he at-

tempted to exert its wonted power. Fever and coughing exhausted his frame. His mind became more than usually restless. His body and spirit required repose, but he slept scarcely four hours in the four-and-twenty; and he still persisted in attending, with unrelenting strictness, to more than the military routine of his duty. At last, his medical attendant ventured to tell him, "Prince, you have a will of iron, but I must in duty impress upon you, that it is lodged in an abode of glass." The emperor, on being made fully acquainted with the wretched health of his grandson, insisted on his retiring for repose to Schönbrun. For some time he appeared to revive. He slept better, and his appetite improved. He ventured to hunt, first on fine days, then in all weathers. His malady, meantime, was crawling rapidly through a body which had sprouted up to an uncommon height for his age. His mother was sent for. He rallied,—exerted himself,—and fell down exhausted. His mind was in conflict with his disease to the last. All saw that he must soon die; but the struggle between spirit and body maintained its force until the 22d of June, when he expired, as I

have already mentioned, on the same bed, and in the same apartment which his father once occupied, as the conqueror of Austria.

Consumption had sapped his vitals to an extraordinary degree, before the spirit consented to leave its shattered abode. The *post mortem* examination proved, what his physician had long predicted. The brain, the seat of mind, or thinking principle, was perfect, sound, and compact; one *lobe* of the lungs had almost entirely vanished; and the intestines were so far incapable of performing their functions, as to represent the withered frailty of the oldest subjects. Had his active mind been lodged in a healthy organization of body, it is more than probable that his position would have led to a very different aspect than that which the affairs of France may hereafter assume.

When reposing after death, it is said, that his features assumed a close resemblance to those of his father. In life, his full Austrian lower lip, rather light hair, and tall slender figure, disguised the similarity. His portrait, by Isabey, taken during the congress of 1814, bears a striking likeness to that of Joseph II., when about the same age.

LETTER XXIX.

STEAM-BOAT EXCURSION ON THE DANUBE.

THE Vienna *blätter* (papers), and the placards pasted on the walls of almost every street in the city and suburbs, having announced that the *dampfboot nador* (steam-boat) would depart for Presburg and Pesth, on Friday, the 24th of September, from below the *Lust-haus* at the foot of the Prater, near where the *Vienna-arm* joins the body of the Danube, we settled matters at the *Kaiserin vom Oesterreich,* so as to leave bags, baggage, carriage, and all heavy moveables behind, and to have the same rooms we occupied in our hotel when we returned.

A hackney-coach, which, but for the large white figures, 1099, on the fine green varnish, could not be distinguished from the most

fashionable chariot that wheels round Hyde Park, carried us, with merely necessary luggage, over to Leopoldstadt, and thence down the principal avenue of the Prater, until we got among the sandy alluvions below the aforesaid *Lust-haus*, and then over a most uneasy road, or rather, no road at all, to where the nador lay.

Here were about a hundred carriages, of various forms, and apparently a thousand people. Many had come down as passengers; others to see their friends depart; but the greater number were assembled from curiosity; for a steam-boat is still a novelty to the Austrians. The scene was remarkably picturesque. A cord, extending from post to post along the river's bank, left an open space in front for the luggage, goods, and the men employed in shipping the latter. The spectators, the carriages, and the waggons, were ranged immediately behind the cord, extending along it for about a hundred yards. They presented the appearance of an assemblage surrounding a race-course at the time the horses are running; with the exception of the costumes of Servians, Hungarians, Turks, Armenians, Croats, Greeks, Jews, and others, that were intermingled in

front, and the far greater number of dashing carriages which lined the rear.

Besides our passports, all signed and countersigned in due form, we were also obliged to have a permit to go on board the steam-boat,—from that continental nuisance, that retarder of locomotion and business, the police department. This permit is delivered by each passenger to an officer, stationed for the purpose at the gangway. Some were, however, allowed to come on board without such licence, to take leave of their friends; and I must not omit observing, that I never witnessed more expressive tenderness on the part of those whom the ties of blood or friendship had united in affection to each other. The women and children kissed each other,—then sobbed,—then kissed,—and then sobbed,—kissed again, and then parted, weeping as they separated. Those on shore remained on the bank until we were out of sight;—their friends and relatives on board never, for the same time, withdrawing their eyes from those whom they were leaving behind.

Instead of a bell being rung to give notice of preparation, a cannon was fired half an hour before our departure. The people were, at the

same time, rolling down from Vienna in crowded carriages. In a quarter of an hour, another cannon was fired, as a signal for those who were not passengers to land; and at the precise moment of departure, announced in the hand-bills, a third cannon was fired, and we started. The scene on shore and on deck was, at this time, exceedingly picturesque. The people moving downwards along the banks,—the rapid stream of the broad Danube, carrying us swiftly past them, upon a great leviathan-like body, which spouted forth a whirling volume of dark gray smoke, extending fast and far up the river.

In a short time we lost sight of those on land; steam and stream carried us away from them at the rate of eighteen miles (English) an hour. Vienna, even the spire of St. Stephen's, soon vanished in the distance. The low banks, islands, and alluvions of the Danube, became interesting only for their fertility, and the white happy-looking little towns and villages that rose here and there on each side, and from the floating mills at anchor,* or the huge rude river craft, carried down by the stream, or

* These are houses, built on two boats, anchored in a rapid part of the stream, which turns a great wheel that puts in motion all the machinery of a grist-mill. At

dragged up against the current by from five to twenty horses, or, often by a chain of Hungarian serfs, clad in dirty white woollen jackets and short trousers.

Groups of men and women stood on the banks as we scoured past the manufacturing village of Simmering, and its plain (*Simmeringerhaide*)—the great review ground for the general military evolutions of the Austrian army,—and also the great racing ground which attracts to the contest the swiftest horses, and the most sporting nobles of the empire. The monotony of the flat scenery, through which the Danube, divided into several winding branches, flows, left us now free to muse among the diversity of character with which the deck of our steam-boat was peopled.

There were altogether about two hundred on board; consisting of a few Austrians and other Germans;—a great proportion of Hungarians, several of whom accompanied by their wives and daughters;—a good many Servians in their cylinder-like red caps;—and several Wallachians, Moldavians, and Jews, with some Greeks, Croats, three Armenians, two Turks,

Mayence, and some other parts of the Rhine, they have similar mills, but they are more general on the Danube.

and three young Englishmen. The baggage was all arranged below,—and the deck was cleared so as to afford room for sitting or promenading. In the fore-part, were those whom economy led to choose the second-price section of the vessel. These were chiefly either secondary Hungarian *nobles*, or else Hungarian *freemen:* that is, citizens of certain free towns. Their under-clothing, whatever it might be, is generally made in the Vienna fashion, and hidden by a huge sheepskin great-coat, with the wool inside, falling back in its black curls over the shoulders, and tucked up in the same way behind, from the skirts. I have often seen the North American Indians in moose-deer-skin dresses, but infinitely superior in form and manufacture. These freemen, and most of the Germans were on their way with merchandise they had purchased at Vienna, to the great fair just opening at Presburg.

These traffickers kept by themselves. They spoke little—they all seemed to have brought with them some provender, as bread, wine, and cooked animal food, which served them for the day. A few smoked their pipes—some slept—others walked incessantly. There were among

them several women, some of whom accompanied their husbands. Others were *marchandes* on their own account, carrying fashions from Vienna to one or other of the capitals of Hungary. If the men were taciturn, the women are certainly not so.

Those on the after-deck were chiefly, from all appearance, of a high *caste*. One, a Hungarian noble, of about thirty years of age, with a proud air, tall handsome figure,—and fashionably dressed in the Vienna cut, smoked a huge pipe, and every two or three minutes spat on all sides, with a haughty indifference, that seemed to signify, he had a right to squirt tobacco-juice around him. A rare want of courtesy either in Austria or Hungary. His wife was a dignified woman, with a face and complexion of remarkable beauty.

Nearly opposite, there sat an old respectable-looking man, and close by him a young lady of about twenty years of age. Her figure and person might well be termed gorgeous, a face, countenance, and complexion, as fine as Raphael could have had as the model of his Virgin. She might have been the grand-daughter of the white haired gentleman, by whose side she sat: but

the passport, that *revealer* of conditions, said she was his *gemahlin*.

There were more than ten others among the ladies, who had more than ordinary claims to beauty. In truth all, not far advanced in life, were comely, and the aged bore the handsome traces of having in their youth, possessed personal attractions.

The steam-boat Nador is a very handsome strongly-constructed vessel, built in the country, and with good engines made in England. Her cabins are handsomely fitted up, and many of both sexes soon found their way down—the ladies chiefly to the after-cabin, and the gentlemen to their own, where backgammon, cards, chess, smoking tobacco, with unceasing demands for beef-steaks, potatoes, wine, &c., occupied their time. With respect to refreshments, nothing could be worse managed. The stewards or waiters being stupid, awkward, dirty fellows, although very willing to do whatever they knew. I may here mention that they are little better on any part of the river downwards. There is no *table d'hôte* served between Vienna and Presburg, but there is between the latter and Pesth. The cooking is dirty and greasy, and the dinner served up in confusion. A good

steward and cook would remedy all this, and far more than repay the expense of allowing them fair wages, instead of having ignorant dirty *cooks* and *stewards*, for almost nothing.

The captain is a remarkably civil, scientific, and intelligent Prussian. He speaks English fluently and well. His patience is put to the utmost test, with those whom he has to manage: but still he succeeds wonderfully, and has already overcome many prejudices, which ignorance had for centuries fostered, relative to the navigation of the Danube. I had known him formerly, when he commanded the Concordia steam-boat on the Rhine, and I found him on the present occasion obliging, and both ready and fully able to give me every information relative to the navigation and trade of the Danube; subjects to which he has given much of his attention. The engineer of the Nador is an Englishman, and is not only a skilful man in regard to his profession, but well acquainted with all the peculiarities of the Danube navigation. There was also on board, a mariner from Trieste; but who, from his fair hair, ruddy complexion, and blue coat with plain gilt buttons, would invariably, from appearance, be taken for an Englishman. He is making himself ac-

quainted with the channels of the river, in order to take the command of the Nador, our Prussian captain being about taking charge of a fine new steamer now on the stocks and finished.

Among the passengers on the afterdeck, there was a Servian, of rather more than the middle age of life, habited in his national costume, and accompanied by his wife and two children. There was, in his countenance, a superior cast of character—of respectability, intelligence, and amenity, remarkably interesting. His playfulness with his children,—his kind tender attention to his wife,—his placid but cheerful manner to all, were far more attractive than he could be conscious of. He spoke German indifferently, but French tolerably well. On conversing with him, I was surprised at the extent of his information,—his liberal views,—his sound ideas in regard to freedom of commerce and intercourse between nations,—and, then, by the ardour of his feelings and hopes in believing that the *press* and *steam power* would extend civilization, the arts, political liberty, national prosperity, and social happiness, not only to Servia and Wallachia,

but to all the countries lying between the Rhine and the Dardanelles.

Steam navigation on the Danube has already made a progress that has far exceeded the ideas of the most sanguine, in Austria and Hungary, on its first commencement within the last five years, and its success, yet in its infancy, has removed the doubts of the most sceptical as well as of the obstinate adherents of the *do well enough system*, so characteristic of the Austrian population.

The flat monotony of the Danube changed its character as we approached Haimbourg: the frontier town, in which there is one of the four great imperial tobacco manufactories; and which with the *Romerthurn schloss*, where still stands a colossal statue of Attila, now in ruins on the adjoining mountain, are famous in Gothic story, and in the songs of the Nibelungs. On passing Haimbourg, the promontory terminates in an enormous romantic rock, beyond which, stands the vast ruins of a castle, once the stronghold of the Templars. Immediately after, the lofty four-towered *schloss* of the Kings of Hungary, appeared on the height immediately above Posoni or Presburg. We soon ap-

proached the bridge of boats, and *Posoni* burst full and imposingly upon our view—the bridge opened and passing through, we then made a circuit, and steered up to a sort of wharf, where an immense crowd was assembled, and to which carriages filled with fashionable-looking people of both sexes were racing down, as fast as four sleek black horses, attached to each, could gallop. We landed without our passports being demanded, and walked up a street roughly paved, at the side only (but lined with magnificent palaces), to a spacious promenade, planted with trees, and where, before the coffee-houses, were sitting, or lounging, several portly personages, most of them smoking and reading newspapers. Passing from thence up another wide, dirty street, and across a filthy large square, occupied by hundreds of booths, erected for the wares brought to the fair, we entered the Golden Hirsche, a large handsome white house with green *persians* — very imposing without, but having no pretensions to cleanliness within.

Having fixed on one of the best apartments in which were two small German beds, both of which I at night, as I often had done before, converted into one, we then ordered dinner. The principal waiter looked like a fool; but he was,

however, one of the David Gelatley sort. He would have us know, that he understood, "*Deutch, Slavisch, und Ungarisch.*" One of the two latter, he no doubt did, but he was scarcely intelligible in the former. We, however, managed to get the best things they had, served up with a bottle of excellent *Offner* wine, which resembles good Burgundy.

The market nearly opposite, supplied abundance and variety. Cooking and cleanliness only were wanting. On bringing me a dirty knife, and requesting him to bring me a clean one, Mr. *Oberkelner* wiped it without ceremony on his filthy woollen apron. I have journeyed through the forests, and over the inland waters of America, with and among the red savages of the West; but never have I been more utterly disgusted with the uncleanliness of a people, than with those of the hotels in Hungary.

We walked out in the evening down to the banks of the Danube, where fishermen were spreading their nets to dry, and where lay several of the uncouth river-craft, laden with goods and agricultural produce. We crossed over the bridge to the opposite side, where, in the recess of a luxuriant oak and elm wood, there are two or three coffee-houses and restau-

rants. We entered one of these, where several Hungarian politicians were disputing fiercely over the journals, and abusing every thing Austrian.

We soon returned to the open air: the evening was deliciously temperate, the heavens clearly blue above, and brightening into whitish yellow, gold and scarlet to the curves of the wooded hills extending along the western horizon.

The Danube here flows past in its whole undivided volume. Here it is in truth one of the most noble rivers in the world; and the situation of Posoni is in every respect far, very far superior for the site of an imperial capital, to that of Vienna.

The royal schloss has been all but destroyed by fire, with the exception of its enormously strong walls and towers. There, however, it stands, as if still overawing the more numerous modern palaces, which certainly rank in architecture and appearance equal with those of any city in Europe. Altogether there is a magnificent aspect in the churches, and the other public buildings and dwelling-houses of Posoni, which fully corresponds with the aristocratic ideas of feudality. While the dirty habits of

the townspeople are proofs of the *serfage* which prevails in the land.

The multitudes assembled at the opening fair, afforded a full and dramatic picture of the congregated people,—of the freemen, or secondary nobles, driving in their waggons loaded with wheat, wine, woolpacks, flesh, or vegetables;—of the serfs, in their undyed coarse woollen habiliments, sleeping at night under the carts;—of the *free citizens*, usually engaged in some ordinary handicraft, or as dealers in various wares;—of Jews, Armenians, Greeks, Wallachians, and Servians, who assemble with their wares from Vienna, or from their several head-quarters, to overreach the Hungarians of all classes.

In the evening, we went to the theatre; the house is arranged much in the same style as the Hofburg theatre at Vienna, but on a smaller scale; and the scenery, although evidently old, is effective. The play, a comedy with songs, remarkably well written, and the plot good, was called "Schloss Hainburg, oder Heinrich der Wilde," and announced as the production of a lady, "*Schauspielerin Marie Wilhelmi.*"

Henry the Wild, the son, is at feud with his father, Leopold the Glorious, Baron of Ost-

mark; and the play throughout is considered a fair historical representation of feudal manners in the eastern section of Austria during the sixteenth century. The acting of Herr Matte as Leopold, of Madame Matte as Theodore the Baroness, of Madame Melchior, a beautiful young woman, as Margaretha, the daughter, of Röder as Henry the Wild, and of a Demoiselle Roscher as the pretty daughter of a weapon smith, were all far above mediocrity; as was also that of some other actors, especially in a bacchanalian scene of river fishermen. The orchestra, however, was ineffective; the prompter could be heard in all parts of the house; and the audience, of all classes, were riotously noisy.

The next day being Sunday, and the weather remakably fine, we entered several churches, all of which are imposingly decorated within; and in these alone is the *serf* on a par with his *lord*. Mass began very early; and between eight and nine the first classes appeared, especially the ladies, on their way to church, in their carriages. Their lords seemed more generally directed towards the coffee-houses, to read the journals. The ladies of Posoni are celebrated for beauty; and it would certainly be difficult

to meet any where with a greater proportion of, at least very handsome, as well as many really beautiful, women. There are two Lutheran churches in this city. We entered one. The form of worship is, however, regulated more after that of the church of Geneva, than of our Episcopal service.

The steam-boat always stops for the night after arrival, and a good part of the following day at Posoni, to take on board, or land, goods and passengers. Half those who came down from Vienna remained on shore; the others, including most of those who, on the previous day, occupied the after-deck, proceeded on the voyage; their destination being Komorn, Pesth, Buda, Belgrade, Semlin, &c.: several were bound as far as Constantinople. The distance from Posoni to Pesth is nearly 150 miles; but with the current the voyage seldom takes more than ten hours. Soon after leaving Presburg, a low fertile country, monotonous scenery prevails,—with here and there a schloss, wretched habitations, and lands cultivated in a slovenly manner. The principal town, Komorn, is conveniently situated on the north banks, at the junction of the Waag and Little Danube with the main stream. Before reaching Pesth, the

country assumes an elevated character, and the appearance of those towns, rising from each side the Danube (the first having 76,000, and the other more than 30,000 inhabitants), is remarkably striking. Here, again, is a great halting-place for the steamers, and for all river craft; here were greater crowds on landing than before;—here there is much more life and motion than at Presburg;—here the Hungarian magnates, although the emperor will have the diet sit at the former, delight to assemble. In fact, if Hungary is to have a capital, Pesth and Buda united, should be the metropolis. Both have magnificent edifices, chiefly constructed in all the freshness of modern architecture; and, in which the nobles of the land reside during a great part of the year. Museums, printing establishments, the newspapers of all countries, and those printed at Pesth and Buda—libraries, theatres, casinos, coffee-houses, public gardens, a large park the "*wald*," afford sufficient resources to attract attention, and to amuse pleasure-seekers. Both towns are, however, remarkably filthy in the streets, and seldom very clean in the houses. The same character, unfortunately, applies to all the towns in Hungary. As I may find it necessary

to give you a more general view of the Danube navigation, without troubling you with monotonous details of my excursion down to the bend below Silistria, but confining myself rather to the extraordinary advantages which may be taken of the facilities afforded by this great river and its tributaries, and also send you some further sketches of the Hungarians, I must refer you to the guide books, as I have all along done, for detailed accounts of old churches, old castles, old paintings, and old towns.

LETTER XXX.

THE HUNGARIANS.

VOLTAIRE says, "The Hungarians are a proud, generous nation,—the scourge of its tyrants, and the defenders of its sovereigns." It would be very difficult to prove the truth or fallacy of this assertion.

The Huns, commanded by the "Scourge of God," Attila, that "supreme monarch of the barbarians," plundered, and settled in Hungary, and gave it a name. The Maygars came forth afterwards out of eastern countries, of which we are ignorant, further than that their language prove them of Uralian race. They conquered Hungary, of which they are now, although forming a minority of the whole

people, the ruling masters.* Voltaire, in truth, must have known very little of the Hungarians. Their language was not understood by the rest of Europe, and, except through the medium of Latin, their sentiments were as little known. The philosopher of Ferney, therefore, had probably but slight authority for his general character of this people, further than that when Maria Theresa supplicated their protection, the assembled magnates rose simultaneously, drew their swords, and gallantly exclaimed, "*Moriamur pro Rege nostro Maria Theresa.*"

The Maygars are certainly a people constitutionally of high generous spirit. The magnates have manifested this disposition in their ideas of all the world, except in jealousy of the Austrians; and in truth, seven-eighths of the population, not only Sclavonians, but those

* Hungary, exclusive of Transylvania, the military limits, and Dalmatia, numbers a population estimated above 10,000,000, and occupies a surface more extensive than that of Great Britain. Transylvania, or *Siebenburgen*, Dalmatia, Croatia, and the military limits, have an extent of more than 40,000 square miles; and nearly 3,000,000 of inhabitants. Of these 13,000,000, the Maygars form about 4,600,000,—Sclavonians about 5,500,000, — Wallachians 850,000, — Germans 600,000, — Jews 200,000,—the remainder being Croats, Greeks, Armenians, Arnauts, Gipsies, &c.

of their own race, are held in the light *de facto* as property, which the lordly slaveholders may *use* or *abuse*, as they deem fit.

The constitution of Hungary fully empowers the diet to introduce reforms of the greatest importance to a country, which, like Ireland, possesses the most eminent natural advantages; but which, from mismanagement, and the absence of enterprising industry, extend few benefits to the population at large. It is true the king has the initiative, but the diet again may render his authority in Hungary scarcely of nominal power.

The legislative chambers represent only the ecclesiastical dignitaries, the nobility, and a portion of the citizens of a few free towns. This legislation, again, has only the right of assembling once in five years, except before the coronation of the king; and it may be prorogued at pleasure.

The *golden bull* is the *magna charta* of Hungary, and was extorted by the barons from King Andreas II., on his return from the Holy War, much in the same spirit as the magna charta was forced (seven years before) from John, by the English barons.

The Hungarian barons alone were, and still

continue to be, benefited by the *golden bull:* it releases them from all taxes and services; and exempts them from arrests in all cases, but murder and robbery. The people, in fact, who never possessed their natural rights, have not acquired any privileges by virtue of this boasted charter; and as the king cannot raise money except through the aid of the legislature, his power, although he may be said to have the initiative, is very limited, while that of the chambers is calculated to create the utmost uneasiness to the court of Vienna.

Estimating the population of the free towns* at the highest supposed number, and adding the clergy who have any voice in the diet, together with the nobility, and all that may vaguely represent the constituency of the nearly eleven millions of beings into which the Deity hath breathed life, even then, we cannot make the numbers actually represented in the legislature amount to more than one million. Here is the *root* of all the evil, which has retarded the prosperity of a country blessed with the richest advantages of nature—

* Not amounting, including women, children, and serfs, in the twenty-seven royal or *free* towns of Hungary and Transylvania, and in the districts, to 1,000,000.

with the most varied elements of inexhaustible wealth, and of almost invincible power. It is in vain to expect that "any good can come out of *Hungary*," until her serfs, in the words of the American declaration of independence, are to be considered by the constitution and law, *men*, endowed by the Creator with the *unalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.*

Let this be a reality, instead of a fiction, in Hungary, and the aristocracy may justly boast of their constitution, which, if its provisions extended to all, embraces many of the most essential elements of civil and political liberty; as, among these is the undisputed *right* of holding county meetings,—representative legislation, and the power of taxation invested solely in the diet; and, also, that no censorship can be established, nor any new law promulgated or put in force by the executive without the consent of the legislature.

From all I have seen of the Hungarian serfs they possess, notwithstanding the barbarism of their condition, and the ignorance in which their intellects are smothered, physical and moral elements of which one of the most in-

telligent, ingenious, practicable, and virtuous nations might be formed.

The first class of nobility, the magnates, or those who have established majorats, are generally wealthy; that is, they who possess extensive *regions* of land, a multitude of both serfs and sheep. They are fond of the chase, and all field sports,—horses, horse-races,—balls, and company. Their characteristics are generous and high-minded, and far more liberal than the secondary aristocracy. Generally, they consider the aristocracy of Austria as ranking below them, and their connexion with the empire not much more intimate than the Hanoverians do their kingdom with England.

The secondary aristocracy are seldom wealthy. This arises from each son and his descendants being equally considered noble as the father, and in consequence of the equal subdivisions of property among them, added to their antipathy to productive industry. Generally they are poor, and often tyrannical oppressors, who plunder the peasants, and not unfrequently billet upon them. In most parts of an extensive region like Hungary, with bad, and often no roads, it is almost impossible for these

enormities to be generally known, either at Pesth or Vienna. Yet these noble robbers still retain their privileges, and proclaim their unaccountability. About thirty of these are at present terrifying a part of the country; and are called the "bandits of Bancore," from the forest of that name. They are commanded by a young desperate noble, who, it is said, prizes himself for chivalry, and takes up *Rinaldo Renaldini* for his model.

Civilization, although slowly, is, however, making progress in Hungary. Not a few of the magnates are men of great public spirit. Among these, in active usefulness, is Graf Szechenyi. To him, the steam navigation on the Danube owes its existence; to him, several improvements already made in removing obstructions in the river, and of many more projected, must be attributed;—to his perseverance, the liberty of speaking the copious and melodious Hungarian language in the legislature, instead of Latin, is due. This alone is a reform equal, at least, to that of the service of a church being performed in the language understood by the people, instead of that only comprehended, often very imperfectly, by the priests.

In regard to Austria, no *possible reform* in Hungary can be so dangerous to the authority of the former, as the existing privileges of the aristocracy. They have hitherto allowed no tax to be imposed on themselves, nor sanctioned any measure in Hungary to augment the general revenue of the empire.* They have a country naturally rich, highly capable of improvement, at the same time the least improved of any, lying between the Rhine and the Dardanelles.

Were the aristocracy but to legislate so as to draw forth the resources of the country,—to ameliorate at first, and finally to do away with the feudal system, they would not only be more wealthy and more powerful, but more secure, more distinguished, and, in *reality*, worthy of the *liberty* of which they vaunt.

In respect to the improvements which have been made in the internal communications,—the establishment of steam-boats on the Danube, and the removal of obstructions in the waters of that river; it is but justice to say that these have been zealously promoted by the Austrian government, and by none more ardently than by Prince Metternich.

* See remarks on finances, vol. ii.

The Hungarians, especially at Pesth and Buda, complain loudly of the Austrian government: they have lately protested against *any Austrian* holding *any office* whatever in Hungary. They say the very crown of *Stephen the Holy*, the first Maygar king of Hungary, crowned, too, by the pope, on his becoming a convert to Christianity, and that on his absolutely commanding all his obedient subjects to change their faith at the same time, it was taken from them, and carried to Vienna.* The latter charge is a feeble grievance. The Scotch complained, in the same way, of the removal of a *stone chair* and some *rusty regalia* to London; but Scotland would still have been a wretched and poor country, had she not been united to England.

To me, it appears that the Hungarians have little more than one cause to warrant their complaints against Austria. They say their commerce is shackled by the latter: that not only their productions, but their imported necessaries and luxuries, are taxed in a way which they cannot prevent. This is certainly

* This was the case; but it has, with the whole regalia, been conveyed back to Buda, after the present emperor was crowned king at Presburg, in 1833.

true, and, in a way not at first comprehended, when it is considered that import duties are not exacted on goods on entering, or before leaving, Hungary: but, as Hungary has hitherto persisted in not contributing to the expenses of the empire (further than some arrangements entered into, which I shall hereafter notice, relative to provisioning the troops at fixed prices), Austria has managed not only to levy a duty upon almost every article of produce and manufacture that can be exported from Hungary, but also to make that kingdom pay (by enhancing the consumption price), the imperial duties on all foreign commodities. To the north and east, Galitzia extends along one-fourth of the whole Hungarian frontiers,—to the west, from Galitzia to the Adriatic, the frontiers are bounded by Moravia, Austria, Styria, and Illyria,—and to the south, the *military limits*, occupied by Austrian troops, and by a double line of customs, extend between Hungary and the whole of the adjacent frontiers of Turkey. Foreign commodities, therefore, entering Hungary, are consequently subjected, in the first instance, to the Austrian import (not the transit) duties, without any drawback being afterwards allowed. Austria

possesses the Danube as it enters, and the military limits occupy that river on its departure from Hungary. The port of Fiume in the Adriatic, is, I believe, the sole inlet and outlet which Hungary can claim as free; but the difficulties opposed by bad roads, by a mountain ridge, and by the narrow stripe of communication with the interior being hemmed into a most disadvantageously narrow space, render the port of Fiume of, comparatively speaking, no service, in regard to freedom from duties on the commodities imported or exported from Hungary.

How are the Hungarians, who have become, since they have seen steam-boats floating in the Danube, remarkably sanguine in regard to an extension of their commerce with foreign countries, to remedy the evil they complain of. There is but one way that I can perceive. To remove the primary commercial shackles, and to supply the government with the means of carrying into operation and executing numerous essential improvements, such as roads, and canals,—by removing obstructions in the Danube and its tributary, it will be absolutely necessary for Hungary, surrounded by Austrian frontiers, to adopt the imperial tariff, or rather, form with

the rest of the imperial states, a part of the general system of customs.

In that case, her position would be far more advantageous than at present. She would receive her natural share of the revenue for public improvement, and bear a relative portion of the general expense,—even at less cost and far less inconvenience, than the kingdom, in defiance of her diet, is now subjected to. This might be arranged; if on no other plan, certainly on that, perhaps the best, of the Germanic Union of Customs; that is, to enter into the imperial system of customs, bearing the expense of collection, and receiving her share of the nett proceeds according to her population. This, considering the actual state of that population, would be highly in favour of Hungary.

The Austrian government has already begun to reduce the tariff of import duties; and, were it not for the opposition of Hungary to its extension to that kingdom, its rates would have, before now, been still further diminished. Prince Metternich, I am certain, not only understands clearly the great advantages of unshackling commerce from every burden that intercepts its course, but he is anxious to do

so to the utmost that considerations of finance, and the circumstances of the empire will admit. In this respect, Hungary has certainly no just ground of complaint against Austria.

On the other hand, we must not forget the efforts actually made by the liberal Hungarians, to disseminate general instruction, by establishing elementary schools in the various parishes of the kingdom. This has been, as yet, but partially carried into effect; but the diet has certainly sent the "schoolmaster abroad;" nor must I neglect to mention the admirable type-foundry,—the excellent paper manufactory and printing establishments of Pesth and Buda,—and also the daily and fearlessly patriotic newspapers, published within the last few years in the Hungarian language,—and, latterly, perhaps of more consequence than all, the *Penny*, or rather, *Farthing* Magazine, for it costs no more, with the cuts, those of its British parent, being faithfully stereotyped. The national literary club also receives the leading journals, reviews, and magazines of the German, English, French, Italian, Spanish, Russian, Danish, and Swedish press.

The works printed in Pesth are, in regard to type, press-work, and paper, highly creditable.

I have purchased, among others of great utility, *Galleti's "Allgemeine Weltkund,"* or a geographical, statistical, and historical view of all countries,* in quarto, with numerous maps; and the type and press-work is such as the Didots of Paris might be proud to boast of. The maps also are very neatly engraved and coloured; and more, they are from the most approved authorities.

It is further decided that the censorship cannot be established in Hungary without the sanction of the Diet. Therefore, although this kingdom, considering her great mineral wealth, her soil nearly all fertile, her splendid forests, and her magnificent rivers, is in a deplorably unimproved condition, *there is* an advancing spirit of civilization and improvement, that has gained a force not likely to be retarded, and which only requires a more liberal, disinterested, and determined spirit of patriotism and

* The eighth edition, brought down to 1835, by Cannabich. Kees's Statistics of the Austrian States, a most valuable work, in four volumes; the first two, giving a distinct account of the mineral and agricultural products, forests, animals, fisheries; in fact, all raw materials yielded by the empire; and the second and third giving a detailed statement of population, occupations of the people, manufactures, commerce, &c.

philanthropy, in those who really hold the power in their hands,—that is, all who are not either in bodily or mental bondage, to raise Hungary to the highest state of prosperity, wealth, power, and happiness.

I must also remark that the chief magnates of the country are by far the most liberal and disinterested in their views, relative to improving both the moral and material interests of Hungary; and among these, Prince Esterhazy, now in England, is not only one of the most benevolent to his people, whether tenants or serfs, but the most rationally anxious to improve the country, and the condition of its inhabitants.

LETTER XXXI.

HUNGARIAN FAIRS.

The customs established for the sale and interchange of commodities in various parts of the world, are not only interesting in the manner in which they are conducted, but instructive in regard to the causes that have given rise to, and that have maintained them.

The first improvement on the early interchange of commodities, was the establishment of *fairs* in Asia and Europe, for the double purpose of convenience and protection,—*convenience,* in order to afford sellers and buyers the opportunity of repairing to certain fixed places for the purpose of purchasing, or disposing of, their respective commodities;—*protection,* inasmuch as *privileges* have usually,

from the earliest periods, been conferred by princes on the principal places where fairs are held. Among these privileges are, that the traders of all countries and religions have been considered free to enter, with their merchandise, those states and towns in which such fairs are held, and to depart, unmolested, with their commodities,—paying only, the established duties or tolls, specially fixed for such fairs.

Of the great fairs of Europe, those of Frankfort on the Maine, and Leipzig, hold, as is well known, by far the first rank; and, the transactions at those marts, and at some others in Germany, as carried on by the great diversity of people who frequent them from almost every part of Europe, and various parts of Asia, especially Persia, are of the utmost interest to the political economist and publicist, as well as to the manufacturer and merchant. The fairs of Hungary, often stated at no less than 2000 annually,* are also very important, as affording

* The principal fairs in Hungary—in fact, those which impart life to all the others, are—*First*, Posoni, or Presburg, held seven times a year;—*Second*, Pesth and Buda, held eight times, alternately in each, annually;—*Third*, Debreczin, held four times annually, and attended with uncommon and peculiar interest. Fairs are also held at

to the population almost the only well-established course of trade which they as yet possess. To these fairs are carried, by land or by river carriage, those articles which the luxuries of the nobility, the vanity of the townsfolk, and the necessities of all, provide a market for.

Raw products, from common vegetables and the rock-salt of Wielescka, to the fleeces and the corn of the kingdom,—common pottery and Dresden porcelain,—cast-iron pots and the finest Sheffield cutlery,—pewter plates and silver spoons,—sheepskin dresses and the silk velvets of Vienna,—the coarse and undyed woollens which form the unshapen garments of the serfs, and the superfine cloths of Moravia, Vienna, and Saxony, are all, with a thousand other varieties, displayed by the indomitable Austrian, the artless Hungarian, the eternal Jew,

Eisenstadt (Prince Esterhazy's domain), four times a year; at Erlau, six times; Funf-kirchen (Five churches), four times; Gross-Wardein, six times; Güns, eight times; Herrmanstadt, three times; Kaschau, five times; Kesmark, five times; Klausenburg, four times; Komorn, four times; Leutschau, four times; Odenburg, five times; Raab, six times; Schassburg, six times; Tyrnau, five times. Besides the foregoing, there are fairs in almost every little town in Hungary and Transylvania.

the vigilant Italian, the incessant Bohemian, and the decided Saxon.

These fairs are all conducted very much in the same way. Lately, at the Vienna fair, there were erected in all the squares of the city strong wooden booths, with the roof slanting from the front to the back,—with hanging doors, suspended on hinges from the roof above, which, let down, are secured with padlocks, and *close* in, during night, the merchandise held in the booth. These were exactly the same kind as we had seen at Leipzig, Frankfort, Munich, and lately at Presburg. At the two first, however, the great business is transacted in the huge warehouses of the importers. The trade carried on at the booths, generally commences some days after, and is called the *little fair*, although, in fact, it imparts to the scene far more animation than the great market.

In Hungary, it appeared to us that the operations were chiefly carried on at the booths; and the assemblage brought together of Hungarians, Austrians, Saxons, Italians, Bohemians, Moravians, Servians, Wallachians, Croats, Greeks, and a few Turks, speaking different tongues, and all in their respective national

costumes, among the booths, in the streets, and along the river, where the rude boats also form shops and booths for wooden wares and coarse pottery, with the various amusements of dancers, musicians, and mountebanks, formed a scene of the most striking dramatic interest.

Nearly all those who had booths and boats slept in them. Below the windows of our hotel, in front of the booths, we, early each morning, observed the serfs, who had come in from different parts with loaded waggons, sleeping either under or on those vehicles. In fact, from the time they leave their homes until they return, they scarcely ever have any other mode of resting at night.

These fairs have, from their frequency, the effect of bringing the people of so many different countries together, that, in the interchange of commodities, they must necessarily interchange ideas; it might consequently be expected that their influence in advancing civilization must be very great. This, to a certain extent, has undoubtedly been the case; that is, as far as the people who attend the fairs are themselves instructed. Hitherto, this instruction has, in respect to nearly all those who have frequented the

Hungarian fairs, been remarkably limited; but now that steam-boats pass through Hungary,—that elementary schools are spreading gradually over the country,—that newspapers, cheap magazines, and other instructive works, are published in the language of the people,—and that the inhabitants of the free towns are becoming animated by a greater spirit of enterprise, there can be no doubt that the assemblage of so many persons, from all parts of Hungary, and the neighbouring countries of Transylvania, Wallachia, Servia, Croatia, and Galitzia, at the numerous fairs held so frequently during the year in this kingdom, will lend a most powerful impulse to the improvement and civilization of those states, as the natural and inevitable consequences of increased intelligence, industry, and facility of intercourse.

The free and market towns of Hungary have, I believe, all municipal jurisdictions. Now, it is this privilege that renders absolute government so practicable without occasioning much discontent; as is the case within the Archduchy of Austria, and more especially in Prussia, where the municipalities are administered by themselves on the elective principle. To go

further, we find that the dread of being deprived of their elective *ayuntamientas*, in the lordships of Guipuscoa, Alava, and Navarra, by the constitution of centralization persisted in at Madrid, has rallied the people of those provinces around the bigoted Don Carlos.

The first great inroad upon the feudal system was the result, gradually working, of the privileges granted by sovereigns to towns, in order to enfeeble the power of the barons. As the inhabitants of cities grew rich by industry and trade, they acquired importance, and in the same proportion as the people attained the means of living independently of feudal services, did their vassalage diminish.

In regard, therefore, to the general prevalence of feudal services in Hungary, no measure except manufacture and commerce, assisted by the intelligence that must necessarily accompany both, will destroy those degrading, and in fact, unprofitable exactions, which the barons of Hungary persist in claiming from their serfs.

LETTER XXXII.

HUNGARIAN VASSALAGE.

It is only by remarking the actual condition of those who form the *mass* of the people, that we can form conclusions as to the wealth, power, and good or bad government of a country. With this view, we traversed our way back through Hungary by land.

Although great general roads diverge from Pesth to the various divisions of the kingdom, yet those roads are in a remarkably neglected condition, and must continue in that disgraceful state, until the *lords of the land* adopt other measures for their effectual improvement than that of the *ill-applied, unpaid,* labour of the *serfs*. They must, in fact, follow the example of Austria, where, generally, the highways are excellent.

In Hungary, the maxim of the old French lawyers, *nulle terre sans seigneur*, holds absolutely true, even as respects the roads. The *servi* are, at the same time, almost as strictly *adscripti glebæ;* that is, conveyable by sale with the estate on which they are born; but they cannot be sold as *domestic slaves, apart from the land, nor separated from their families;* and in that respect it is that they are in a condition so infinitely more enviable than that of four millions of the population of the United States of America.

Agriculture, if it ever took, as we are told, deep root in Hungary, *has* declined into a deplorable *unsystematic* condition; for, considering the more than ordinary proportion of fertile soil, its cultivation is in a most rude state. The carts, ploughs, harrows, and almost every implement of husbandry, are clumsily made;—and with the exception of sheep, no improvement is apparent in the breeding of live stock. The horses, however, though small, are hardy and swift; and the pigs, if the droves we saw on their way to Vienna be considered as representatives of the swinish multitude left behind, are, perhaps, the finest breed in Europe—short-legged, thick, round, and fat.

I found it difficult to ascertain the actual relations, *in practice*, between the *lord* and *serfs*. The services of the latter are not the same in all parts of Hungary; and the lesser aristocrats insist on much more service and dues from *their serfs* than the principal lords, such as the Esterhazys, and other chief *magnates*.

As a general exaction, the serfs are compelled to give one-third of their yearly labour to their lords, besides a share of the poultry, pigs, and cattle they rear; and one-ninth of the produce which the land they cultivate may yield. A family of serfs have usually from thirty to forty acres of land. One-tenth of all that the soil produces and rears is also exacted by the clergy. So that the serf gives away, as the sum of his bondage, one-third of his time, and rather more than one-fifth of what his industry produces. He has also to bear his share of having the troops quartered upon him.

Comparing the condition of the *Hungarian serf* with that of the *Irish peasant*, I regret having to admit that the former is in a far more enviable *material* position than the latter;*

* The following remarks in Mr. M'Culloch's most useful work on the statistics of the British empire (which I received three months after the above letter was

having about one-half what his labour yields to subsist upon, and having usually bread, and some animal food to eat, while the Irish cotter having to pay the highest possible rent in *cash*,

written), are so forcibly illustrative of the evil in respect to Ireland, alluded to in the text, that I cannot resist quoting them.

"The cottiers," he observes, "cling with desperate tenacity to the patches of land, and no wonder. They are the only resource on which they have to depend; and if turned out of them, they can hardly escape falling into the extremest destitution. But as the same calamity that has overtaken one, or a few, may equally overtake others, the whole peasantry are instinctively led to combine together: the interest of each being identified with that of his order, every one looks with detestation upon any individual bold enough to come into the place of an ejected cottier. By so doing he makes himself a common enemy, and is marked out for exemplary vengeance, which rarely fails to overtake him, unless he purchase, at a high price, the *goodwill* of the tenant that has been ejected. It is quite a mistake to suppose, as many have done, that the Irish poor are wantonly savage and destructive. Nine-tenths of the outrages they commit are really the result of calculation and foresight, not of reckless and sudden impulses. They are the efforts of the peasantry to protect themselves from ruin—efforts forced upon them by the oppressive conduct of many landlords, and by the want of any refuge for the destitute. To such an extent, indeed, is the present combination of the occupiers of the soil carried, that whatever may be the cause of one of them leaving his possession, if 'goodwill' be not paid—

not in kind, that the middleman of an absentee landlord can get out of him, is compelled to make up that rent, be his crop good or bad, or whether any thing be left for himself or his wife and little ones to live upon.

in other words, if a *guarantee of quiet possession* be not previously obtained—no other tenant dare enter upon it. This is so well understood in many parts, particularly in the south, that the landlord does not venture upon removing a tenant, though only holding from year to year, so long as he pays his own rent, unless by his own consent, and even in that case the occupier uniformly sells his 'goodwill.' This extraordinary state of things, so unlike what obtains in England or any other country, has gone far to subvert the right of property; it forms an insuperable bar to all improvement; and unless effectual measures be resorted to for its suppression, it may, and indeed most probably will, terminate at no distant period in the abolition of rent. The institution of a compulsory provision appears to be the only thing calculated to overcome this great difficulty. Were it established, ejection from a small farm and ruin would no longer be identical. The ejected cottier and his family would be supplied with the means of subsistence till they were conveyed to the colonies, or till they found some means of getting employment and subsistence at home."

LETTER XXXIII.

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL IMPORTANCE OF THE DANUBE STEAM NAVIGATION.

THE triumphs which the ingenuity and intrepidity of man have achieved in overcoming the obstacles of nature, although they have long since performed what staggered all the merely timid prudent, and many of the adventurous sanguine, even as late as the first quarter of the present century,* are still, probably, only in

* In 1825, when endeavouring to promote the plan so ardently entered into by the Knight of Kerry, Captain Beaufort of the admiralty, and my late excellent friend Nimmo (then, and until his death, civil engineer for Ireland), of establishing a steam navigation across the Atlantic, we were considered little less than impracticable theorists. On my contending, supported by others, that the sea between Cork and Bristol, Liverpool and Dublin, Calais and Dover, and the waters of lake Ontario (all

the childhood of those wonders which steam and other moving powers, applied to machinery, seem destined to operate on the face of the world, and on the social relations of mankind.

Steam power, the most mighty propagator of universal intercourse and intelligence, reduces the space which separates countries to at least half its natural length, by the measurement of time instead of distance,—diminishes beyond estimate, the penalty of that labour which exhausts the strength of man, by lessening the toils, and multiplying the productions which are necessary, useful, or ornamental to mankind,—lengthens life, by calculating its duration according to the acts which mark our existence, and not by the years which limit our earthly journey,—multiplies, without end if

of which steamers then traversed, as I had personally experienced, with success), were much more difficult for steam-vessels to navigate than the waters of the Atlantic, which, circumstances had also occasioned me to traverse at all periods of the year: a *statesman*, of noble birth, remarkable for his smart replies, said, "If ever steam-packets are successfully established across the Atlantic I will swallow the boiler." I have no doubt that three months ago, the same personage would have said, that "if ever an individual travels in a balloon from the Thames to the Rhine, I will swallow the gas company's gasometer, gas and all, —yes, and the balloon and passengers to boot."

required, the productions of the press, and renders the intercourse between nations frequent, rapid, easy, and certain.

Perhaps the most astounding idea of the power and usefulness of steam would be to conceive, that instantaneously that power, as now applied, ceased to exist, even admitting that the power of water and wind, as formerly, were so far as possible immediately to replace it—what would be the consequence? To the United Kingdom, the ruin of her manufactures, and a calamity in her commercial relations that would bring desolation over the land. In the United States, the interruption to travelling, and interior commerce, would be almost equally disastrous.—And then our relations with the continent. Our Hamburg, Rotterdam, Calais, and Boulogne packets!—Even our excursions up the Rhine!—All to depend on sailing vessels with fair weather; but as often, and for weeks, foul winds and storms.

The advantages of steam power are now beginning to be appreciated in most parts of the continent. Even in Austria and Bohemia, where the power of water is naturally distributed by nature with profuse liberality, steam-engines and power-looms are at work.

My journey and wanderings in these dominions have, strictly speaking, been directed to other inquiries than those bearing on the steam navigation of the Danube; but they are not irrelevant to it. The natural resources, the productive industry, the elements for extending the commercial relations between the British and Austrian empires, are among the inquiries which should engage much of the attention of the English traveller who passes over these regions.

In regard, however, to the Danube, the infinite facilities for commerce,—for extending intelligence, and promoting intercourse, which may be opened by this great artery of the European body, flowing from west to east, fed by such numerous tributaries, so rich in soil, mineral and vegetable productions, have led me into inquiries relative to the improvement and the extension of its navigation, in almost every point of view that seemed important. In these inquiries I have been generously assisted by many of those who have devoted their attention seriously to this great subject. I have been directed to them by a distinguished statesman, who boasts not of the merit; and while travelling over the countries of the Germanic Union of Customs, and afterwards

on various positions along the Danube and its tributaries, the importance of a steam navigation traversing Europe from east to west, was continually presented to my view, as a subject worthy of far more than common observation.

This led me to make the inquiries I have done. The Danube in its extent from its source, within thirty miles of the Rhine, in the heart of the Black Forest, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, to its *debouche* in the Black Sea, and the countries watered and fertilized by it and its branches, (you will observe by referring to the maps,) flows through the most important parallels of central Europe.

Before its departure from Baden, it *lends* water-power to industry among the inhabitants of Villingen, Donauschingen, and Gusingen; the latter, only twelve miles from the Rhine at Schaffhausen.

Flowing through Würtemberg it grows, fed by several *contributaries*, into a magnificent navigable stream on reaching Ulm. Here its importance is conspicuous. Here you observe those flat-bottomed, rudest of boats, with no part of the wood dressed, no part tarred; and, with the exception of a few black-stained, square blotches, no part painted—not even a

rope tarred. They answer, however, the purpose of transporting wood, merchandise, and agricultural produce; and are the same in construction on every part of the Danube and its tributaries,—at Ulm, at Munich, at Inspruck, at Salzburg, Branau, Ratisbon, Passau, Linz, Vienna, Posoni, Komorn, Pesth, Semlin, Belgrade,—on the Waag, on the Theis, and on the Drave,—at Semendria, at Ruschtschuk, Silestria, and Ismail.

These boats have not even sails. They are, in fact, little better than sheds floating on a kind of platform, closed in at the sides, carried down by the stream, and tugged up by men or horses,

At Ulm steam navigation is about to be established. The water is not deep, but it is sufficiently so for properly constructed flat-bottomed steam-vessels of from 60 to 100 tons, or even greater burden.* Flowing through Bavaria, the Danube receives numerous streams, many of which are navigable for a great distance,—as the Lech, the Isar, the Inn, and the Naab. In this distance, nume-

* Flat-bottomed steam-boats, to float on shallow water, are extensively employed on many rivers in America. See Note D, vol. ii.

rous towns rise along its banks, chiefly Ratisbon, Ingoldstadt, and Passau; the tributaries communicating at the same time with Augsburg, Munich, and the agricultural districts of the interior. A railroad is also about to be opened, on one side, to Augsburg; and a canal is in progress on the other, to join the Danube and Main by way of Nuremberg and Bamberg.

On entering Austria, below Passau, the Danube, augmented by the Inn, the Salza, and the streams of Bavaria, the Tyrol, Würtemberg, and Baden, flows on in majestic grandeur, through a romantic country to Linz, the handsome capital of Upper Austria. From this thriving seat of manufacturing industry, a railroad, seventy-five English miles long, to Budweiss, on the Moldau, connects the intercourse between the Danube and the Elbe,—in practical truth, between the Danube and Prague, Dresden, Leipzig (by a tributary), and Hamburg. To the south, a railroad from Linz to the manufacturing towns of Wels and Lambach, has also been completed.

Leaving Linz, the Traun and the Ens are the principal navigable streams that flow in from the south. Those from the north are

numerous, but only important as moving powers for mill-work. Near *Grein*, there are swift rapids in the stream, often assuming the appearance of whirlpools; but they seem to me of not more difficult ascent than those immediately below Montreal in Canada, which I have, as far back as twelve years ago, had the opportunity of ascending in the Hercules steam-boat, which towed up, at the same time, a large brig and a schooner. From Grein to Vienna the river flows on tranquilly, often amidst islands. In fact, the navigation by steam of the Danube, from Ulm to Vienna, is in every respect practicable, and from Vienna to Pesth without impediment.

From Pesth there is no interruption, unless it be sandbanks, which it requires only good pilotage to avoid. The Danube flows onward from Pesth through flat scenery, dividing itself in streams among islands, and a country naturally as fertile as any on the earth's surface, passing Tolna, Mohacz (celebrated by its battle, so disastrous to the Hungarians), to Peterwardien, Semlin, and Belgrade. In this distance the Theis, so abundant in fish, a magnificent river with large tributaries, flows into the Danube from the north; and the Drau and the

more important Save, forming the frontier of Turkey, joins it from the south-west.

At Belgrade, the common boat navigation is extremely important. After passing Semendria, the present capital of Servia, and residence of Prince Milosh, the navigation of the river is exceedingly winding, but very practicable for steam-boats to Neu-Moldava, below which the river is confined within high mountainous banks and rocky precipices; and before reaching Orsova a succession of difficult but not insurmountable rapids occur. Below which is the much dreaded "*Eisen-thor*," or the *Iron-gate*, or the *Cherdaps*, as this rocky turbulent bed of the river, divided into three channels, is called in that country. The river boats pass down, and by the power of oxen may be dragged up the Iron-gate. It is generally believed that steam power is not sufficient to propel a vessel up, but there is no doubt that a fixed engine ashore, with a fixed purchase, in the middle of the stream, above, might overcome the difficulty, and the captain of the Nador seemed confident in speaking to me, of ascending the Iron-gate by the force alone of a powerful locomotive engine in his steam-boat. It still, however, forms an interruption to the steam-

boats, which do not either ascend or descend this part of the Danube.

The first steam-boat station below the iron gate is Gladova, between which and the Black Sea a distance, following the windings, of at least six hundred English miles, there is no important material difficulty in the navigation, unless it be the bars off the entrance of the Danube.

To avoid these, and the delays of quarantine or other interruptions, on the part of the Russian authorities, there appears, fortunately, a way of undoubted practicability. At Rassora, about thirty miles below Silistria, the Danube changes its course suddenly from east to something west of north, pursuing this direction for one hundred miles to Glatz, near the Russian frontiers, and then dividing, into several branches falls into the Black Sea. I need not say any thing relative to the possession obtained by Russia over those mouths, and will conclude this sketch by briefly showing how to avoid the difficult navigation of the branches of the Delta, and the sand bars thrown up by the surges of the Black Sea in their conflict with the streams issuing from the Danube.

The distance between the Black Sea and the bend of the Danube, below Silistria, is little more than thirty English miles: a deep lake thirteen miles long intervenes, in this distance; and the waters of the Black Sea are said to be deep, close to the shore, at Kustendji, where a harbour might be protected with piers so as to afford shelter at all times to a fleet, either of merchantmen or men-of-war. A ship-canal from thence to the elbow of the Danube, of the same depth and width, but not half so long as the Dutch have cut from Amsterdam to the Helder, for their frigates and East India ships, merely to avoid the intricacies of the Zuyder-zee, would then not only render the navigation of the Danube to the sea two hundred miles shorter, and at all times certain and safe, but it would also pass through a country nearly one hundred miles further south than the frontiers occupied by Russia.

Considering, therefore, the vast importance of carrying into execution such a project—the consequent effect it would have in extending commerce, and opening a free intercourse between the heart of so many European states and the sea—with the innumerable benefits that

must result in regard to the social and political condition, especially of eastern Europe, we cannot but be convinced of the magnificent utility of an uninterrupted navigation by steam-boats from Ulm to Constantinople.

END OF VOL. I.

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